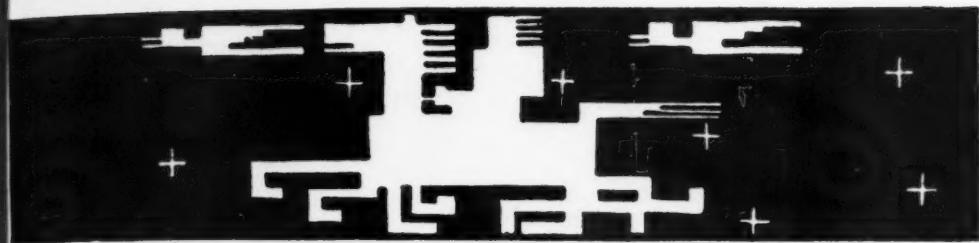


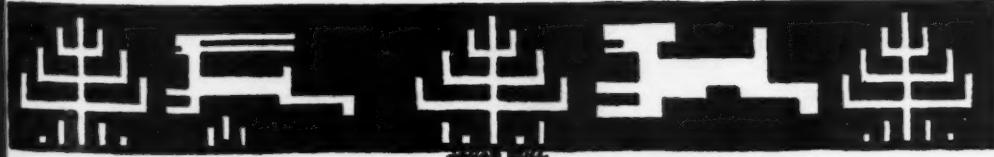
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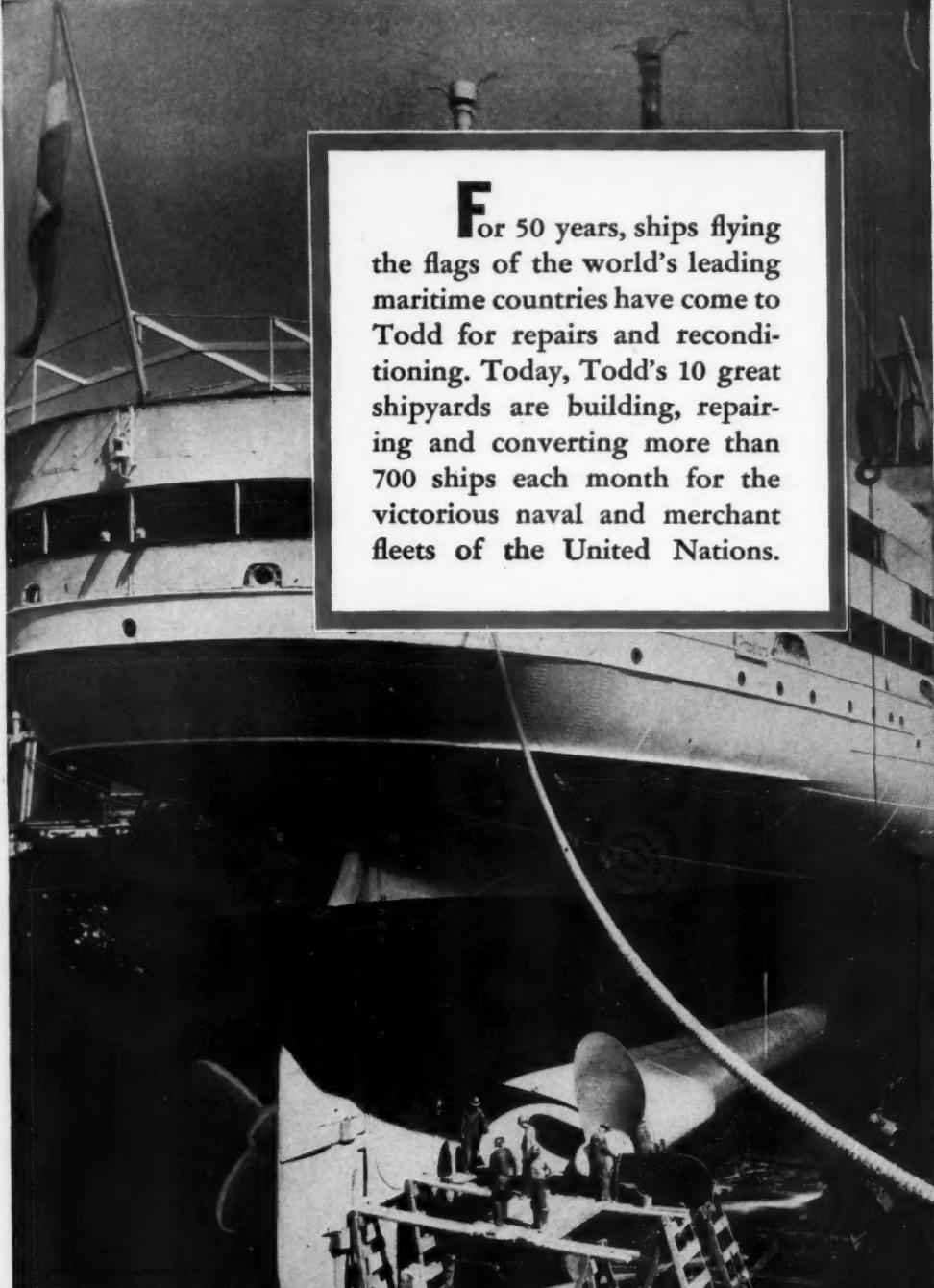
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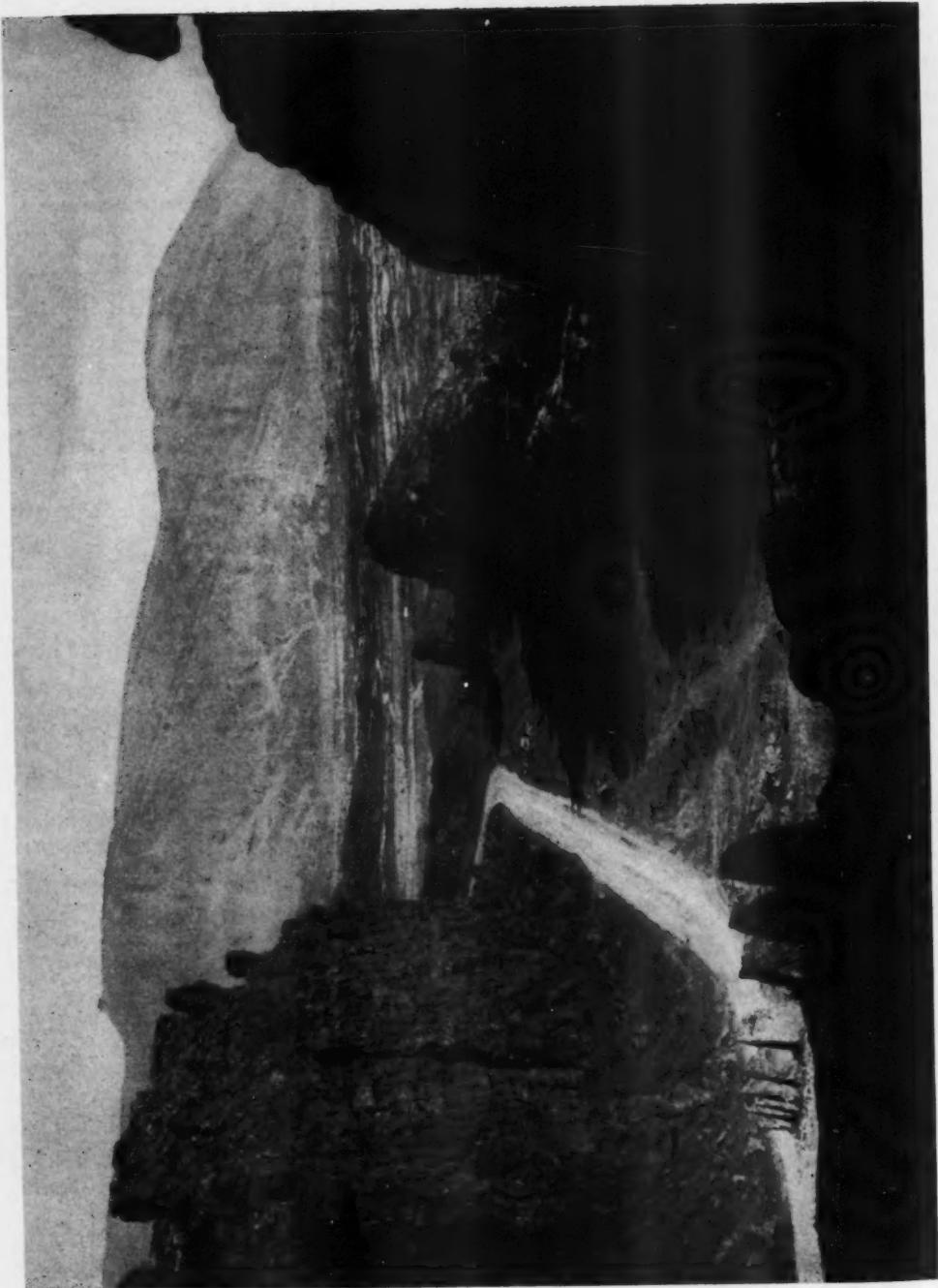
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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XXXII

SEPTEMBER, 1944

NUMBER 3

Iceland

BY THOR THORS

Minister from Iceland to the United States

ON JUNE SEVENTEENTH, 1944, a new republic was born, or—more correctly—an old republic was reborn. On that day at Thingvellir, the site of the ancient Icelandic Parliament, Iceland was proclaimed a republic.

Although I presume that the outlines of the history of Iceland are known to many of the readers of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, it is, nevertheless, appropriate to describe briefly the historical background and the legal and political basis for the foundation of the new Republic of Iceland.

Iceland was settled chiefly during the years from 874 to 930. The settlers were mostly Norwegian chieftains, who fleeing the oppression of King Harald the Fairhaired, sailed towards the West in search of freedom. By 930 there were some 25,000 inhabitants in Iceland. They decided that they should all agree to a common law, and in 930 formed the Republic of Iceland, with a Constitution and a highly developed code of laws, but without any executive power. This system was for its time unique, a remarkable mediation between individual freedom and legislative restraint. It was a kind of aristocratic democracy, the position of the leaders, or chiefs, being hereditary, their followers, however, having the right to choose among the various chiefs. Thus a bad chief could lose all his followers, and thereby his power.

The legislative and judicial power of the Republic was vested in the Parliament, the Althing as it was named in Icelandic, a yearly general

assembly of all free men. The Althing has undergone various changes through the centuries, but it has survived with short intervals, often against heavy odds of foreign interference. Thus, the Althing is the oldest parliamentary body in the world in existence today. It was the Althing that on the 17th of June proclaimed the new republic.

The old republic of Iceland was the form of Government of the independent and sovereign Icelandic State for more than three centuries, or, to put it exactly, 332 years, from 930 to 1262. This was a period of grandeur and culture to which the Icelandic people have always looked back with pride and a desire for restoration.

The lack of executive authority allowed the struggle for power and wealth between the various chiefs to go on till finally it bordered on civil war. Internal hatred and jealousies led the chiefs to go abroad for arbitration in their feuds and even to seek protection of the Norwegian King. The King of Norway exploited this confused situation to make himself overlord over Iceland. This was done by a special agreement of 1262, *Gamli Sáttmáli* (the Old Agreement). In this agreement the Icelanders undertook to pay a yearly tribute to the King against his assurance of peace in Iceland, with maintenance of and respect for the laws of the Althing. The King further promised to send six ships a year to Iceland. The Icelanders, on the other hand, swore allegiance to the King and his heirs, so long as they "keep this agreement." But the Icelanders were free to cancel it, in case of nonfulfillment by the King or his kin, "according to the judgment of the best men." It should be clearly noted that the "Old Agreement" of 1262 between Iceland and the King of Norway was made by a free and sovereign Iceland and that Iceland had the right to cancel it if broken by the King.

In 1380 Norway became united with Denmark, and Iceland followed suit. Iceland remained under Denmark until 1918. During these centuries the history of Iceland is mostly that of suffering, impoverishment, and exploitation. This is clearly evidenced by the fact that in 930 the inhabitants numbered about 25,000, in 1100 they were about 75,000, but in 1768 the population had fallen to 34,000. This was to a large extent due to various calamities, such as smallpox, famine, and great volcanic eruptions. But the Danish Trade Monopoly will always be regarded as one of the worst plagues. All trade with Iceland was completely monopolized by the Danish Government, until in 1787 the trade was made free to all subjects of the Danish King, and in 1854 it was made free to all.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the real fight for Iceland's independence commenced. Four young Icelandic scholars, *Fjölnismenn*, who were studying in Copenhagen, lifted the banner. Iceland's

great leader was Jón Sigurdsson, born in Iceland, June 17, 1811. He lived all the years of his manhood in Copenhagen, visiting Iceland only for the sessions of the Althing, of which he was a member and President from 1845 until his death in 1879. Jón Sigurdsson was a great scholar, and thoroughly familiar with Icelandic history. He maintained our legal right to complete independence, and emphasized that with the Old Agreement of 1262 Iceland had only concluded a treaty of personal union with the King of Norway and, owing to its nonfulfillment by the foreign Kings, Iceland had the international right of abrogation. Jón Sigurdsson demanded the revival of the Althing, which had not held meetings since the year 1800. He also claimed its complete sovereignty over all Icelandic matters. In 1843 a decree was issued for the summoning of the Althing in 1845, but only as a consultative body. In 1874 King Christian IX visited Iceland and presented the country with a new Constitution, whereby the legislative power of the Althing was restored in all domestic affairs, as also its supremacy over Iceland's finances. There should, however, be a Danish Cabinet Minister in Copenhagen in charge of Iceland's affairs. In 1903 Iceland obtained complete Home Rule with an Icelandic Minister in Reykjavik. Hannes Hafstein, one of Iceland's greatest personalities, a poet and a statesman, became Iceland's first Minister.

The Home Rule awakened the Icelandic people and greatly increased their sense of responsibility and self-reliance. Increased progress followed in all spheres of our national life. But the struggle continued. The leaders made it distinctly known that the Icelandic people would never be satisfied until complete sovereignty was achieved.

The First World War brought Iceland nearer to its ultimate goal. In 1918 the Danish Rigsdag and King Christian X manifested their statesmanship by recognizing Iceland's complete independence and full sovereignty. This was done in the Danish-Icelandic Union Act of December 1, 1918. The Icelandic nation will always remember and cherish this wise and friendly gesture of the Danish people.

In Paragraph 1 of the Union Act it said:

"Denmark and Iceland shall be free and Sovereign States united under a common King, and by the agreement contained in this Law of Union; the names of both States shall be indicated in the King's title."

Furthermore, there were provisions that Denmark should attend on Iceland's behalf to its foreign affairs, as its attorney. The Icelandic Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Reykjavik was responsible for Iceland's foreign policy, but Iceland's only diplomatic representation abroad was that of the Legation of Iceland in Copenhagen, where Mr. Sveinn Björnsson, the newly elected President of Iceland, was Iceland's Min-

ister for some twenty years. The Supreme Court of Denmark remained Iceland's highest judicial body until December 1, 1919, when the Supreme Court of Iceland was founded in Reykjavik. Denmark was also in charge of the fisheries inspection in Icelandic waters, but the Icelanders had the right to take it over and were gradually doing so.

According to Paragraph 6 Danish citizens enjoyed in Iceland the same rights as Icelandic citizens and vice versa. Many Icelanders feared that this clause might lead to a large-scale Danish emigration to Iceland, and in that way Danish influence and activities would be greatly increased, but their apprehensions did not prove well founded. On the other hand, many Icelanders availed themselves of the privileges offered them in Denmark.

In Paragraph 18 of the Union Act it was provided:

"On the expiration of the year 1940, both the Rigsdag and the Althing may at any time demand the commencement of negotiations for a revision of the Law."

"If on the expiration of three years after the handing in of a petition for the commencement of negotiations, these do not lead to a renewed agreement, both the Danish Rigsdag and the Icelandic Althing may resolve that the agreements contained in this Law shall be annulled."

"In order that this decision shall be binding, at least two-thirds of the members of each House of the Rigsdag and of the United Assembly (Althing) must have voted in its favor, and it must subsequently be confirmed by voting on the part of electors, who possess the franchise at the usual general elections."

"If it is shown by such voting that at least three-fourths of the electors participated at the election, and that at least three-fourths of the voters are for abolition of the Law, the agreement shall cease to exist."

According to the Union Act Iceland's relation with Denmark was thus a personal Union. Although the Union Act marked an important and decisive victory in Iceland's struggle to regain its former independence, the Icelanders considered it only a long step toward Iceland's ultimate goal: the complete severance of relations with Denmark and Iceland's exclusive handling of its own affairs. This was clearly demonstrated by the Althing already in 1928, when all the political parties made a declaration to this effect. Again in 1937 the Althing unanimously passed the following resolution: "The Althing resolves to instruct the Government to prepare immediately, in cooperation with the Foreign Affairs Committee, the procedure for handling foreign affairs, at home and abroad, which will prove most suitable when the Icelanders take advantage of the abrogation clause of the Act of Union, and take the whole handling of their own affairs into their own hands. . . ."

When Denmark was occupied by the Germans on April 9, 1940, the King was prevented from executing his constitutional powers and it

was impossible for Denmark to handle Iceland's foreign representation. Accordingly, on April 10, the Althing unanimously passed two resolutions. Firstly, that, since the King of Iceland was no longer in a position to execute his Royal Power, said power should be vested in the Icelandic Cabinet. Secondly, that, since Denmark was prevented from representing Iceland abroad, Iceland would take over the complete conduct of its foreign affairs.

On May 17, 1941, after more than a year had elapsed and no change was visible in Denmark's incapacity to take charge of matters entrusted to her by the Union Act, the Althing passed the following three resolutions:

"1. The Althing resolves to declare that Iceland has acquired the right to abolish entirely the Act of Union with Denmark, since Iceland has had to take into its own hands the conduct of all of its affairs, and since Denmark is not in a position to attend to the matters on behalf of Iceland which were agreed to under the Danish-Icelandic Act of Union of 1918. On the part of Iceland there shall be no question of renewing the Act of Union with Denmark, although it is not thought expedient in the present circumstances to effect the formal abolition of the Union, nor to establish the final constitution of the State, but these will not be postponed beyond the end of the war.

"2. The Althing has resolved to appoint a regent, for a period of one year (term of office subsequently extended) to wield Supreme Power in matters of state which were placed in the hands of the Cabinet on April 10, 1940.

"3. The Althing decides to announce its will that a republic be established in Iceland as soon as the Union with Denmark has been formally dissolved."

According to the first resolution Iceland firmly declared its intentions not to renew the Union with Denmark. In fulfillment of the second resolution, the Althing elected Mr. Sveinn Björnsson to the office of Regent of Iceland.

The Icelandic Government instructed its Chargé d'Affaires at Copenhagen to inform the King and the Danish Government of these resolutions. This was done in a formal note dated May 20, 1941. According to Paragraph 18 of the Union Act, formal notice had now been served on the Danish Government of Iceland's desire to sever the relation completely. The Althing reiterated its decision with a unanimous resolution on February 25, 1944, declaring that it resolved to proclaim that the Act of Union between Iceland and Denmark was abrogated, provided the people of Iceland so desired.

During the four days, from May 20 to May 23, this year, a plebiscite, in conformity with Paragraph 18 of the Union Act, was held in Iceland. Two questions were put to the voters: firstly, Are you in favor of the abrogation of the Union Act with Denmark; secondly, Are you in favor of the Republican Constitution Law, passed by the Althing. To the first question 71,122 said yes, and only 377 said no. To the second

question 69,435 were in favor, whereas 1,051 objected. The participation in the plebiscite was greater than ever experienced in Iceland, with about 98 per cent of the electorate voting. In fact, these results break all records of participation in a free election anywhere in the world.

The Icelandic people thus responded spontaneously and most decidedly. There was, therefore, not the slightest shadow of doubt as to the desire of the people. The Althing subsequently confirmed the will of the people and on June 17, Jón Sigurdsson's birthday, the Republic of Iceland was proclaimed by the President of the Althing, Mr. Gisli Sveinsson, at its session at historic Thingvellir. The first action of the republican Althing was to elect the first President of the Republic of Iceland, and the choice fell, as expected, on Mr. Sveinn Björnsson, the former Regent.

At the celebration on June 17, the new republic was immediately welcomed by many foreign Governments. President Roosevelt took the lead, being the first to appoint his Minister to Iceland, Mr. L. G. Dreyfus, Jr., as his ambassador *ad hoc*. King George VI of Britain appointed his Minister to Iceland, Mr. E. H. G. Shepherd, as special Ambassador and King Haakon of Norway named his Minister, Mr. August Esmarck, Ambassador *en mission spéciale*. The Swedish Government appointed its Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Otto Johansson, as *envoyé extraordinaire* and the Provisional Government of the Republic of France appointed its representative in Reykjavik, M. H. Voillery, as *délégué extraordinaire*. All of these representatives addressed the Althing and the people at Thingvellir and their messages were heartily received. It caused great admiration that the spokesmen of Norway and Sweden delivered their messages in Icelandic.

The 17th of June was a day of great rejoicing in Iceland. There was, however, a shadow over it. There was no message from Denmark, the Danish Minister to Iceland, Mr. F. le Sage de Fontenay being detained in England. This shadow was removed, when a telegram was received from King Christian X, congratulating Iceland upon its decision and sending his good wishes to the new republic. This noble message was read by the Prime Minister, Dr. Björn Thordarson, and received with great enthusiasm by the people, the crowd giving the King a fourfold Hurrah, whereupon the band played and the people sang *Kong Christian stod ved höjen Mast*, the Danish royal anthem. A telegram of thanks and appreciation was immediately dispatched by the Prime Minister to King Christian. This was a great moment caused by a great man.

Such was the last chapter in the severance of our political ties with

Denmark. No doubt it will lead to a new chapter of sincere friendship and cooperation between Denmark and Iceland.

Some people have tried to interpret Iceland's last step in its struggle for complete independence as meaning an aloofness and alienation from the Scandinavian countries. This is a wrong conception. The re-establishment of the Republic of Iceland is based entirely on an inner historical movement, the realization of the aspirations of the Icelandic people through centuries, and has in itself no bearing on Iceland's foreign policy for the present nor with regard to the future. It is a national movement without any international aspect. It is as natural as when a grown man establishes his own home.

As regards Iceland's attitude toward the other Scandinavian nations, with which our saga, our language, and our culture so closely tie us, let me refer to the Icelandic column in the last issue of the *AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW*, where there was published the resolution of the Althing of May 10, 1944, sending brotherly greeting of good wishes for freedom and happiness to the other Scandinavian nations and declaring its desire to maintain "the old bonds of kinship and culture which have united the nations of Scandinavia," and its determination to work in the Scandinavian cooperation after the war.

The Althing certainly did not delay to declare its desire for participation in Scandinavian cooperation. Its declaration is made at a time when, to say the least, there is less Scandinavian cooperation than perhaps ever before and the outlook for it after the war is, mildly said, dubious, owing to ruptures and disharmonies created during the war.

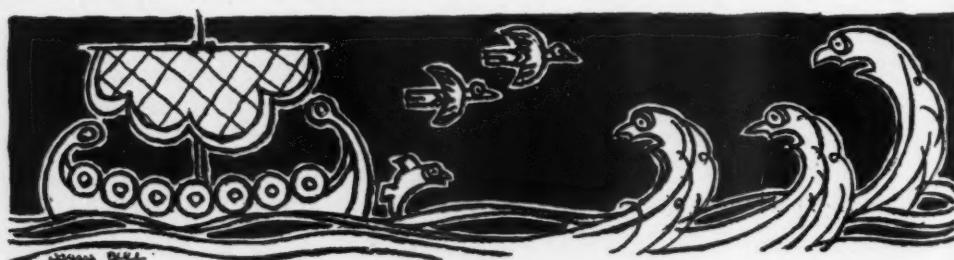
It is often heard that the Icelandic nation is so small that it must be doubted if she can stand on her own. It is true that the Icelanders number only about 125,000. Iceland has, however, stood on its own for at least twenty-five years, since 1918. But it had not been given the opportunity to conduct its own affairs before. Foreign interference has during previous times hindered Iceland's development. Iceland's history proves that every step toward increased freedom has brought increased progress to the country.

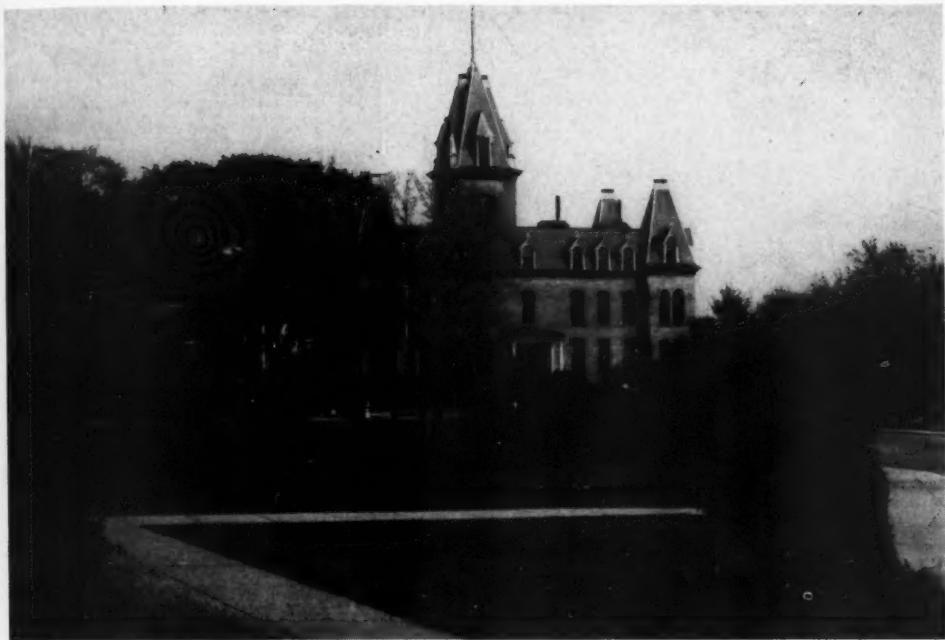
Now we have to face the future by ourselves. This we do gladly. We have no fear with regard to the future. We have great and good friends —both in the East and in the West. Iceland is a small nation, the smallest in the family of free nations. It seems that after this great war the world will be composed of three or four big powers and a number of small nations. All the Scandinavian States will belong to the latter class. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will be unable to protect them-

selves against aggression from any of the big powers. And what about the future of Finland? Iceland will be an easy prey to aggression, but it can in the long run only be held by such powers as "rule the waves." But we all hope that this terrific struggle shall not be fought in vain, that all the sacrifices shall not have been made in vain, and that the millions shall not have died and suffered in vain. We hope we shall all wake up and be allowed to work and live in a decent world, a better world. It certainly would be a poor world that could not afford to allow the smallest of its nations to endeavor to build up its model society of fairness and happiness for everyone of its children.

It is too early to predict what will be Iceland's foreign policy after the war. Naturally, we must first know what kind of world there emerges out of the war and what happens to the other small nations. It is, however, certain that we will have the most friendly and close cultural relations with the other Scandinavian nations, and this despite the fact that the languages of these countries are different from ours, and have to be learned by the Icelanders as foreign languages, although ours is the mother language of them, and despite many other unfavorable factors of the past, such as hard commercial competition on the world's markets. Kinship remains. It is also clear that Iceland is most desirous to enjoy friendly and favorable relations with the great nations of the United States and England, our neighbors to the West and to the East. During two World Wars experience has already told us that our future fate lies in their hands, in so far as it is not controlled by ourselves. We are a self-reliant, hard-working, progressive nation, and we trust our friends.

Therefore we look with hope toward the future.





The Old Main Still Dominates Manitou Heights

St. Olaf College

BY CLEMENS M. GRANSKOU

ON NOVEMBER SIXTH, 1887, a loyal group of people assembled on Manitou Heights to hear the Foundation Day address delivered by Professor Albert E. Egge, a member of the faculty of St. Olaf's School. For more than an hour Professor Egge entranced his audience by his daring prophecies of St. Olaf's future. His words had weight because he was the first and at that time the only member of the faculty with a doctor of philosophy degree, but when he predicted that the school would need an endowment fund of one million dollars to fulfill its destiny, the audience became skeptical. To all but the speaker, this seemed idle speculation.

The year 1887 marked the thirteenth year from the founding of St. Olaf's School. The institution at that time consisted of a campus of thirty acres; Old Main, housing the offices, chapel, classrooms, and dormitory for men; and a large frame structure serving as music hall and dormitory for women. Ten years before this time the task of raising \$30,000 from the nearby congregations to provide the school with a



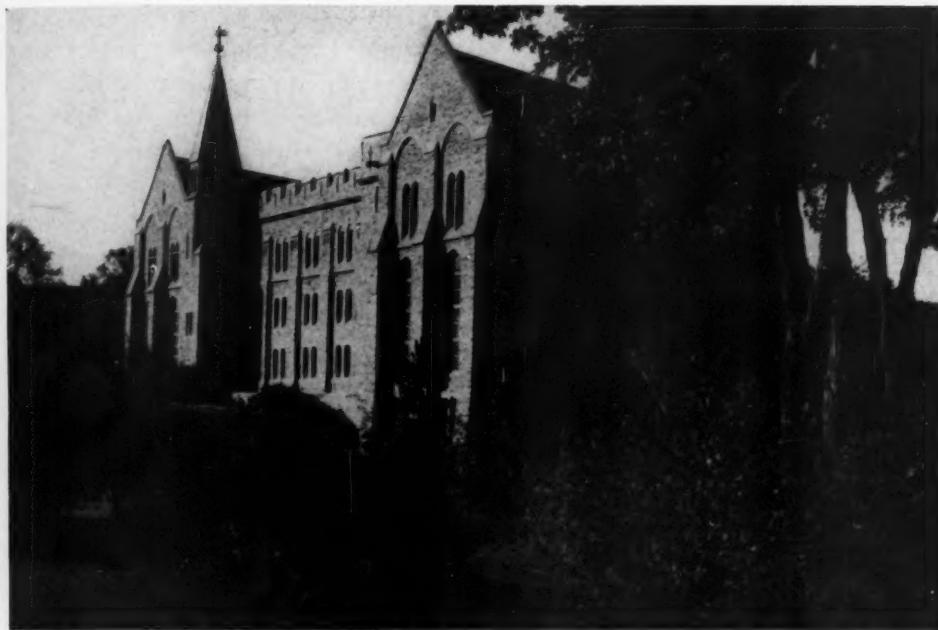
The Women's Dormitory, Named for Agnes Mellby, First Woman Graduate from the College, and First Preceptress

permanent site and a working capital seemed to be a goal sufficient for the day.

Today St. Olaf possesses assets that are conservatively listed at four million dollars, roughly divided as follows: buildings and campus, \$2,000,000; endowments and other funds, \$2,000,000. The annual educational budget of the institution is \$400,000. The budget for auxiliary activities will approximate another \$300,000. To help sustain its educational budget the college receives from the Church an annual appropriation ranging from \$50,000 to \$60,000. This grant is the equivalent of an additional endowment fund of \$1,500,000.

The annual attendance during the first twelve years ranged from 44 to 109 students, women comprising about one-fourth of the registration. On the average only one-fourth of the students returned for a second year and only a small fraction completed the course of three years. In 1942, before the Second World War, the registration had reached a peak of 1,190 students. The graduates to date number considerably over five thousand.

Statistics on administration, faculties, enrollments, financial status, and buildings give only a partial picture of the growth and influence of an institution. The intangible values that give it meaning and pur-



The Administration Building, of Local Minnesota Stone, Initiated the Norman-Gothic Style Which Has Become typical of St. Olaf

pose are not so easily measured by material yardsticks. Yet these intangibles are real even though we do not have the proper gauges to analyze them statistically. Moral and spiritual impulses, principles, and ideals—these are the values that make an institution truly great. Behind St. Olaf is the story of men and women who were not satisfied to settle down upon the prairies and grow soft with self-indulgent living. They were men and women who refused to yield their people to ignorance and careless ease. And America has become infinitely richer because of their indefatigable zeal.

To the Reverend B. J. Muus, pastor of Holden Congregation in Goodhue County, Minnesota, goes the honor of being the founder of St. Olaf College. The Reverend Thorbjörn N. Mohn was called to be its first president and served from 1875 to 1899. These pioneers were men of new ideas. Co-education at that time was still not accepted in all circles. Even more questionable was the plan of a popular grammar school to meet the practical needs of a pioneer society. The departure from the traditional forms of the Latin school was considered a doubtful innovation. Furthermore, leaders in the Church looked askance at the entrance of the Church into the field of secular education. Such

ideas were revolutionary for that day, but these pioneers were not afraid to push back the horizons. They were trail-blazers.

Much space might be given to the early history of St. Olaf. Few people know the hardships of those beginnings. In 1893 the Church cancelled its official connection with the school and withdrew its financial support. Those were threadbare years. But there was a militant spirit that would not accept defeat. The president, faculty, and students were united in one purpose: to build and maintain a progressive American type of school adequately equipped to meet the needs of the young people and the Church in the new land. Professor Halvor Ytterboe, a teacher at the college since 1882, was chosen for the difficult task of winning support for the orphaned child. In spite of lean years, he was able to gather enough funds to keep the institution going and even to pay off a small debt. A church fight prolonged the lean years for the college, but at long last the school was re-adopted as the official college of the Church. Superior work under the most adverse conditions had won a permanent place for the institution in the hearts of the people.

The early founders were realists as well as idealists. It is probably correct to state that an institution of college rank was not in the original plan. They might have dreamed of such a college in the distant future, but to begin with, the name of St. Olaf's School was chosen for the new enterprise. Calling it by any other name would have smacked too much of "building castles in Spain." This rugged realism was a valuable asset in keeping the institution on solid ground through good and evil days.

Professor Mohn, who had led the struggle for recognition, found it necessary to retire from the presidency because of ill health. The Reverend J. N. Kildahl, of Chicago, an outstanding pastor and administrator, was called to the presidency and took charge in the fall of 1899. On November 18 of that same year Professor Mohn died. He had finished twenty-five years of labor for the institution and shares with the Reverend Muus the honor of laying the solid granite foundations for an enterprise of lasting influence.

Dr. J. N. Kildahl served as president of St. Olaf from 1899 to 1914. His administration was marked by a rapid and healthy growth. The country was emerging out of the depression of the 90's. There was a growing demand for educated men and women. The Norwegian immigrant wanted his children and his children's children to be more than "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Many academies had sprung up in the various strong settlements and served as feeders to the col-

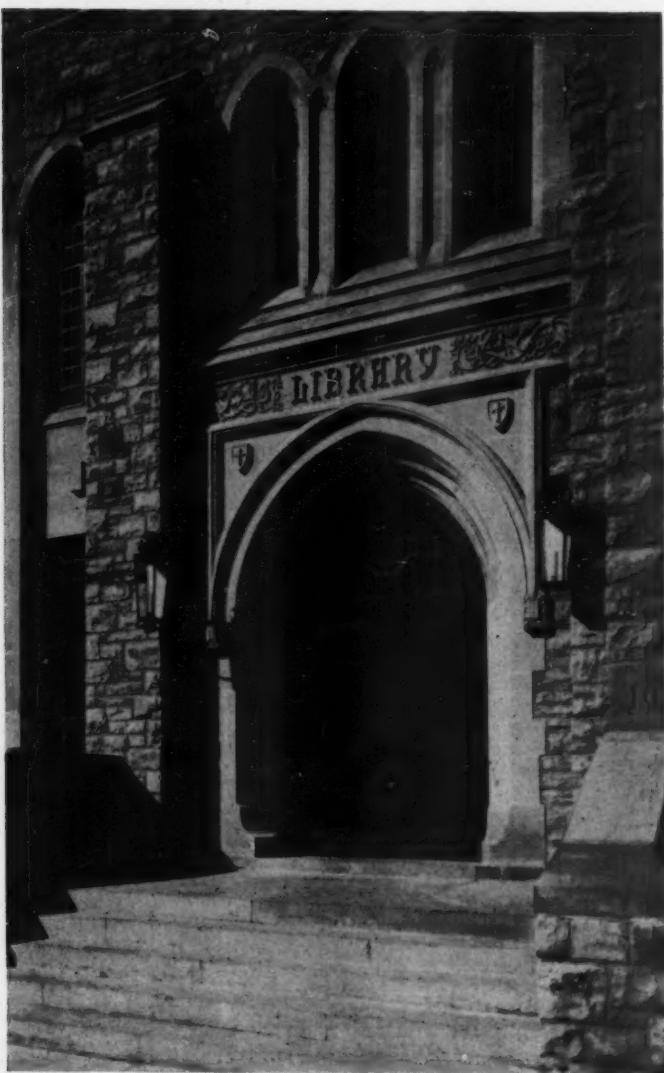
lege. When Dr. Kildahl left St. Olaf to accept the call of the Church as professor of theology at the Seminary in St. Paul, the college had grown in stature and in general favor in educational as well as in church circles. Dr. Kildahl's reputation as a scholar, churchman, and Christian of deep piety and broad sympathies helped immeasurably to win support for the college and to attract promising young men and women both to the faculty and to the student body. When he came to St. Olaf there was a faculty of 15 and a total registration of 184. When he left, the numbers were 34 and 518 respectively.

Many additions had also been made to the physical plant. In 1900 Ytterboe Hall, a men's dormitory, was built, and also a residence for the president. In 1905, a power plant was built; in 1902, the Steensland Library; in 1908, the College Hospital; in 1906, the Hoyme Chapel; in 1911, Mohn Hall, a women's dormitory. The campus was also enlarged in this period. Up to 1914 St. Olaf had no other sources of income than an annual appropriation from the Church and receipts from a modest tuition fee of \$36 per student. In that year a campaign for an endowment fund of \$250,000 was successfully completed. Many other achievements might be credited to the able leadership of Dr. Kildahl. Because people trusted and loved him, he was in a position to face the demands of the new day with courage and an open mind.

President L. A. Vigness, who succeeded President Kildahl, came to St. Olaf during the critical days of the First World War. The colleges of the country were forced to gear their programs to the war economy. For this reason no building projects could be undertaken during this period. The main problem confronting the institution was to keep things going on an even keel. Before the war ended, Dr. Vigness was



*Dr. L. W. Boe, St. Olaf's Builder
President*



Entrance to the Rölvaag Memorial Library

at one end of a log and a student at the other make a first class university."

Heading the list of St. Olaf's great men are L. W. Boe and P. O. Holland, who worked together for nearly twenty-five years—the one as president, the other as director of finances. A construction program unparalleled in the history of Scandinavian-American institutions was planned and in part carried out by these two men. More than one million seven hundred thousand dollars was added to the endowment and

called to the responsible position of executive secretary to the Board of Education of the Church.

Institutions emerge out of the stream of life and no single contribution from an individual or group of individuals can wholly account for their growth. Cultural backgrounds, educational outlooks, political, social, and economic environment, all have important influence. Nevertheless, institutions are in a large measure man-made and it is still true today as it was in the days of old—

"Mark Hopkins

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The Main Reading Room

other corporation funds. A building project totaling one million five hundred thousand dollars was completed and paid for. In this decade St. Olaf grew to be the largest Lutheran college in the country and one of the best-equipped and best financed educational institutions in the Midwest. Between the years 1918 and 1942 the following buildings and equipment were added to the plant: gymnasium, science and administration building, art studio, WCAL broadcasting stu-



The Norwegian Historical Room in the Library



The Athletic Field Is a Gift of the Alumni

dios, music hall, Agnes Mellby Hall (women's dormitory), Rölvaag Memorial Library, new power plant, and new athletic field.

Dr. L. W. Boe came to St. Olaf in the fall of 1918. Before accepting the call to St. Olaf he had given politics a trial. He served a term in the Iowa House of Representatives and two in the Senate. "I enjoyed those years," he said, "and I nearly ran for Congress in 1915. I was strongly tempted to, but—well, I made up my mind that an intelligent, independent, and informed public opinion was the only dependable recipe for clean politics and good government, so I went back to my job of helping to create it."

Dr. Boe's case for St. Olaf and other similar schools is succinctly put in a foreword of a college publication:

"Ours is the richness of two cultures and often the poverty of the desert wanderer. We live between memory and reality. Ours is the agony of a divided loyalty and joy in discovery of a new unity. . . . To us has been given the task of mediating a culture, of preserving and transferring to our children in a new land the cultural and spiritual values bound up in the character, art, music, literature, and Christian faith of a generation no longer found even in the land from which the fathers came. . . . Ours is the privilege of releasing for America values that sustained the spirit and life of our forebears for generations."

Those trenchant sentences embody his viewpoint—they reveal the character of the man.

The impressive grey limestone buildings on the slopes of Manitou Heights are a monument to the imagination and foresight of men who had the courage to build stately mansions as well as functional buildings. The Norman-Gothic architecture was selected as the pattern of future construction because it seemed to them to express most fittingly the adventurous spirit of the Vikings, and the idealism of the Lutheran faith. One visitor on the campus recently remarked, "These buildings look as if they belonged to the hillsides."

The growing list of men and women who have distinguished themselves in Church, State, and industry give evidence of the stress that has been put on deep cultural interests, sound scholarship, and broad spiritual outlook. In many ways St. Olaf may be looked upon as the avenue by which an immigrant people were able to give expression to their cultural and spiritual heritage and thus enlarge the areas of their service to the country of their adoption. This contribution has been noteworthy in the fields of science, religion, social service, literature, music, and art.

Many people identify St. Olaf with O. E. Rörlvaag, the author of *Giants in the Earth* and other novels, and F. Melius Christiansen, the founder and director of the St. Olaf Lutheran Choir. When Dr. Christiansen began his pioneering work in the field of *a cappella* music, the college and university choirs were singing "O the bulldog on the bank and the bullfrog in the pool." Today these singing organizations are giving a good account of themselves in Bach, Gretchaninoff, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Tschaikowsky, Kjerulf, Grieg, and other masters. High school choruses are singing selections from the St. Olaf Choir

Series by F. Melius Christiansen.

St. Olaf is known intimately in many family circles as the home of WCAL, the college's 5000 watt radio station, broadcasting on a frequency of 770 kilocycles. Studios are maintained both on the St. Olaf campus and at the headquarters of the Church in



*The Radio Station Has Been Maintained by Gifts
of 30,000 Listeners*

Minneapolis. The weekly schedule covers the whole gamut of the Church's activities as well as the programs that reflect the campus life more specifically, besides the School of the Air, and Sunday services in several foreign languages.

St. Olaf prides herself on the loyalty of her alumni. About twenty-five alumni clubs are working actively for their alma mater. The gymnasium and athletic fields are gifts of the alumni. The most recent alumni gift is the library built in 1941 at a cost of over \$300,000. The new library provides room for 200,000 volumes and is planned to take care of two thousand students. The archives of the Norwegian-American Historical Association are housed on the top floor of this building.

The pre-war enrollment reached a peak of 1,190 students—634 men and 556 women. These students came from twenty-five States. Eighty-three per cent are Lutheran and seventy-six per cent are of Norwegian stock. The enrollment for 1943-44 is 707 civilian students—110 men and 597 women. In addition to the civilian students there are 600 Navy cadets in the Naval Flight Preparatory School.

When the War and Navy Departments jointly announced the Army Specialized Training Program and the Navy Collegiate Training Program, St. Olaf was among the first institutions selected for the Navy unit designated as the Naval Flight Preparatory School. The first contingent of Navy men arrived on the campus in January 1943. Recently St. Olaf was selected for additional training units known as the Navy Academic Refresher Program. The new training program began in July of this year.

The post-war construction program includes a new dormitory for men and a commons building to house the dining rooms, cafeteria, club rooms, and recreation rooms. Funds have been provided for the construction of these buildings and contracts will be let as soon as priorities are released.

In 1925 the Hoyme Memorial Chapel was destroyed by fire. Since then the chapel exercises and other public events have been held in temporary quarters. The construction of a new chapel was deferred for years because of other pressing demands. This year the Board of Education and the Board of Trustees of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America unanimously endorsed a campaign throughout the Church for a new chapel. A beautiful chapel on Manitou Heights will add the keystone to an extensive building program and will provide the college with a permanent place of worship—a long-felt need.

We hear a great deal today about educational planning for the post-war period. Many of these plans call for a radical departure from the traditional liberal arts program. The technical requirements of the war services have given impetus to the need of narrow specialization and concise technical training. The war found us in need of tank drivers, pilots, and specialists in all the fields of logistics.

But in recent months doubt has arisen whether specialization has not now been carried far enough. A complicated civilization like ours must have a large army of trained specialists. However, there is a growing demand for men and women of broad cultural interests, spiritual acumen, and moral force who are equipped to give direction to the machinery that has been set up. The training of this leadership is largely the task of the Christian Liberal Arts College.

The pressure of events is confronting all colleges with some fundamental problems. A large army of men and women will be flocking back to college following the demobilization of the armed forces. These returning veterans will be financed by a generous government. Can the colleges avoid expansion beyond a reasonable ability to give proper educational and religious guidance? Will it be possible to keep clearly defined a Christian liberal arts program if the Federal Government finances the college education of millions of war veterans in the direction of technical education? The answer to these questions is of vital importance to St. Olaf.

This year brings to a close one hundred years of activity of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America. St. Olaf has had a vital part in the forward march of faith. Thirty-one years after the planting of the Church on American soil, St. Olaf, a co-educational institution, was founded. Since then the College and the Church have grown side by side and have shared alike in the triumphs and tribulations of the century. In this day of confusion and uncertainty an even closer cooperation between the College and the Church is demanded in order that the spirit of the Church may permeate the campus life and a trained and consecrated leadership may be directed in the services of the Church and the nation at large.

Clemens M. Granskou is President of St. Olaf College. He entered upon his duties in 1943, following the late Dr. Boe

Dannevirke



J. Mandelbaum Sat. 1918

udgivet af Kunst-samlingen i Helsingør - 1855

Tegning af L. Fuglsang

Queen Thyre Danebod Building Danevirke in the Ninth Century as a Protection Against the Southern Aggressor

Drawing by Lorens Frölich

Denmark

BY SIGRID UNDSET

MYTHS ABOUT the divine origin of their rulers have been told by most people—black, white, brown, or yellow—at some stage of their evolution from tribal life. The claim of the Japanese, that the Sun Goddess is the ancestress of their imperial house, is unique only in so far as the Japanese try to reconcile this primitive myth with a knowledge of modern science and with modern imperialism. But once upon a time similar tales have been told about the origin of the Incas, of Polynesian chieftains, and of kings in Asia or Europe. Some of the legends are coarse and crude, others delightful. Among all these ancestor myths the Danish legend about the coming of their first Skjoldung king stands out for sheer loveliness.

Once in olden times the Danes suffered from years of famine and a lack of chieftains whom they could rally around. In their plight they

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called upon their gods and made sacrifices. And one morning they spied a ship, standing down the Isefjord—the maze of bays and inlets and creeks where the woods wade out into the blue waters. The ship was without oars or sail, but it sailed straight for the shore of Leire, the old royal manor, and ran up on the beach. When the Danes boarded it they saw that it was loaded to the gunwales with golden grain, but they found no living being on board, until they came abaft. There, in the stern, they saw a naked baby boy, the fairest men had ever seen, asleep and cradled in a shield. A sheaf of wheat was his pillow, and gold and weapons lay at his side. The Danes took the babe and brought him up to be their king. They named him Skjold, which means shield, and they believed he was the son of Odin. From him stemmed the line of the Skjoldung kings. And through the curious feats which genealogists were always able to perform, all the kings of Denmark ever after have been able to prove their descent from the Skjoldungs. Indeed, I suppose the gallant royal brothers, Christian X of Denmark and Haakon VII of Norway, are also Skjoldungs, and some of the noblest of the race.

The Danes who told this myth of the sleeping babe among the grain were a warlike people, and a race of warriors they remained through the centuries. The first clash of the sword of Denmark, defending the realm against the blood and iron of would-be German conquerors, echoes from the distant days of myths and legends. King Vermund, said to have ruled some time in the dawn of Danish history, was old and blind; Uffe, his son, appeared dumb and loutish. To their neighbor, the German Emperor, this seemed an opportunity too good to be missed. As Svend Aggesøn, the Danish historian who wrote about A.D. 1176, puts it: "When the rumor of his weakness had reached the countries on the other side of the Elbe, the German pride swelled with bloated arrogance, since it never can be satisfied with its own boundaries. And the Kaiser worked himself up to a mad fury against the Danes when he discovered a prospect of winning a new scepter by conquering the kingdom of the Danes." (Evidently Svend was no mean psychologist, and the German technique of aggression, working up a mad rage against the intended victim as a preparation for the assault, seems marvellously unchanged in a thousand years.) The messengers of the Kaiser bade the old king choose whether he would become the vassal of the Holy Roman Empire or find a warrior who might be willing to fight a duel against two of the Emperor's knights. Then Uffe stands up and offers to fight, and he proves himself not dumb, when he voices his opinion of the enemy: "Let us not permit defiant threats to move us. For it is an inborn trait of German arrogance that it must boast with bombastic

words, and that it knows how to frighten peaceful and weak people with a whirlwind of threats." During the eight centuries which have passed since Svend put these words on parchment, Germany's neighbors have had ample reason to endorse them.

About the time, however, when the legendary Vermund is supposed to have ruled, the Danes themselves were ruthless raiders on the coasts of the British Isles and France, carving out Viking kingdoms of the lands of conquered people. And in Svend's own times the Danes turned against the Wends, one of the Slavic tribes who occupied the coast of the Baltic all the way from the Elbe to the gulf of Finland, with scattered German settlements, mostly fortified towns, in between. During half a century, when Denmark had been laid waste by internal wars between pretenders to the throne, the Wends had harried cruelly the Danish islands. With Denmark once more united under a strong and valiant king, Valdemar the Great, the Danes set out to conquer the Wends and convert them to Christianity by fire and sword. The son of Valdemar the Great, Valdemar the Victorious, extended his father's conquests far into the lands of the German princes, only to lose most of them before he died. Thus it happened that Germans, not Danes, came to conquer the Slavic principalities in the area of what was to become Eastern Germany, pushing the Slavs farther and farther to the east.

The history of the stand of the Danes against the encroachment of their southern neighbor covers more than a thousand years. Forever coveting their land, the Germans watched them, fomenting internal strife among the Danes, pushing on through infiltration of the frontier districts, forever trying to create situations favorable for an attack on Denmark. By and by, for the Danes it became a battle against overpowering forces, but the Danes never shirked the fight, even when the odds were all against them. What it has meant to the Nordic countries that the Danes thus for a thousand years have defended the frontier of the Nordic mind against *Deutschthum* will maybe be better understood when this war has been won by the Allied nations, and the doings of the Germans wherever they grasped other nations' lands have been scrutinized.

For the frontier between Denmark and Germany is a frontier of the spirit. The softly undulating plains of Sønderjylland offer no natural lines of defense; the positions behind the little rivers meandering through a friendly landscape could never have been called strong. The narrow neck of the Jutland peninsula between the fjord of Slesvig*

* The name of the fjord is Slien, the name of the town at the innermost bay, the *vig* of Slien, is Slesvig. This town was the residence of a ducal house, and the whole Duchy of South Jutland came to be known as the Duchy of Slesvig. The German name "Schleswig" means nothing at all, except in so far as it indicates that this is old Danish land.

and the border river of Eideren was fortified by a man-made wall, called Danevirke, the work of the Danes. An old tradition says that the builder of the wall was the queen, Thyre Danebod, which means "Helper of the Danes," about the middle of the ninth century. But the foundations of the wall are, at least in part, considerably older. Nobody knows how many battles the Danes have fought from the ramparts of their old wall. When the commanding general of the Danish armies in 1864 decided to withdraw, without fighting, from the Danevirke line, because it had become untenable in the face of the modern armies of Prussia and Austria, a cry of anguish went up from all Danish hearts. All the same, they fought their hopeless battle against the aggressors from behind the Dybbøl fortifications with the old dogged courage, even to the bitter end.

For the frontier between Danes and Germans is a borderline between two incompatible casts of mind. Whatever may have been the relationship between some of the Teutonic tribes and the Nordic people some thousands of years ago, all traces of family likeness had disappeared at the beginning of historic times. But it is only natural that the Danes have been more conscious of this fact than their brother nations farther north. Even though cultural contacts between Denmark and Germany were always vivid, at times strong enough to influence the pattern of Danish society and the development of the Danish language, the Danes have always known that they are fundamentally different from the Germans and do not want to become like them. In an emergency they have always proved that they preferred defeat and death to submission to the spirit of Germany.

Svend Aggesøn already had discovered some of the key words that express this difference which makes for dislike: "bloated arrogance," "bombastic words," "whirlwind of threats," and he knows the insatiable greed that always looked out for opportunities to encroach on the lands and the lives of their neighbors. Ancient historical writings, the ballads of the Middle Ages, the folklore of the common man, are rather unanimous in their opinion of the Germans: a blustering kind of people, with a keen or mean sense of profit usually wrapped up in pompous talk of German highmindedness. (This German trait has been disgustingly prominent in all the countries occupied by Germans during this last war.) "What won't a German do for money," is an old Danish saying. Ancient, too, is the expression "mad as a German," used about people who give way to fits of an uncontrollable or pathological fury. Holberg, the dramatist, makes fun of the German bragging and love of pomposity; Wessel, the satirist, of their mixture of greed and voluble sentimentality.

But the fundamental difference lies in the ideas of the Nordic people and the Germans about personal dignity and individual freedom and responsibility. Since the dawn of their history the Germans seem to have felt convinced that the common people were born to obey masters born to order them about. And even the oldest sources of the history of the Danes, for instance the eleventh-century bylaws about the relationship between the king and his liegemen, maintain the right of a free man to choose the lord he wants to serve, as long as he wants to follow him. The conviction of the Danes that none but serfs were born to serve a hereditary lord or a lord who had won his power by conquest, has found its classical expression in the ballad about Niels Ebbeson, a young Jutland squire who in 1340 by a daring surprise attack killed the German Count Geert of Holstein in his own camp, and started one of the numerous Danish wars of liberation from a German invader. The ballad tells of the meeting between the two. Niels, with his retinue of forty men-at-arms, has no desire to pick a quarrel with the mighty German war lord. His attitude is guarded, non-committal, until the German accuses a kinsman of Niels of breach of faith, because, when the Count would not give him leave to quit his service, he quit without leave. The temper of the Danish squire flashes out:

"Anders has kept his faith with thee,
All men will tell thee true,
But would he take leave of thy service,
Such leave is the free man's due.

"For this is the Danish custom,
Has been since the days of yore,
If a swain would change his service,
He should have leave therefore."

Up and spake Lord Gert the Count
That liked his words right ill:
"Nay never a vassal may leave his Lord
Save with his Lord's good will."

"Oh, none is bound with a holy vow,
Save a monk to his cowl of gray.
A knight may leave and a knight may go
"And serve as well as he may."*

Outlawed for his proud words, Niels challenges the Count: let the mighty Lord look out and defend himself next time Niels visits him. And having outlined his daredevil plan for the attack on the Count in

*Adapted from the translation of E. M. Smith-Dampier.

his own lair, Niels tells his men, if any of them don't want to take part, let them leave his service now. The freedom he claims for his own class of landed gentry he loyally grants the men who are in his service.

Of course this fierce individualism of the Danes made for trouble and internal strife all through the Middle Ages. The history of Denmark runs red with the blood of princes murdering each other or getting murdered by their unsubmissive subjects, and with the blood of knights and commoners joyously dying for kings or lords who have won their wholehearted loyalty. The fact that the Danes did elect their kings, but felt bound to elect only scions of the mystical Skjoldung blood, aggravated the situation. All Skjoldung princes had an equal right to offer themselves as pretenders to the crown. Then, when the male line of the Skjoldungs became extinct in 1375 with the last of the Valdemars, his daughter's son by the king of Norway was elected also to become king of Denmark. The boy died early, after having been the instrument of a union between Norway and Denmark which lasted for more than four hundred years. But after the death of Olav of Norway the Danes let themselves be persuaded to elect a succession of German princelings, whose sole claim to the crown of Denmark was their descent from Danish princesses married to Germans. With the Pomeranian and Bavarian and Oldenburg kings, the penetration of German adventurers grew out of all proportion. Given castles and fiefs in Denmark, they highhandedly introduced in their dealings with the common people the views and ways they were used to in their old Fatherland. And naturally the Danish aristocracy followed suit and grasped at this new increase of their might. The Danes never imagined human nature to be otherwise. The old Law of Jutland (committed to writing by Valdemar the Victorious, but in substance much older) states: "A land should be built with law. But if every man would be satisfied with his own and let others enjoy justice, no law would be necessary. . . . If there were no laws in the land, those would get most who have the power to grasp most. This is why the law should be made for the benefit of all men, so that just and peaceloving people may enjoy their rights in peace, and unjust and wicked men will not dare to do the evil they contemplate, from fear of the law. . . . Nor must law be made and written for the benefit of some few, but for the good of all men who live in the land."

But now the words of the old law (which also occur in the contemporary laws of the other Nordic countries) were set aside. The Danish peasantry put up a hard fight, but towards the end of the Middle Ages they had been reduced to the same state of serfdom as the peasants of most of the European countries. Almost everywhere the yeomanry had

been crushed under the arbitrary rule of the gentry. Only in Norway the farmers succeeded in retaining their old rights. But the Danes never quite forgot their old freedom and dignity. The ballads of the Middle Ages, sung in the homes of the enslaved peasants, must have done much to keep green the memory of their old honorable estate. When the ideas of the eighteenth century about the rights of man became fruitful in Denmark, and the Danish peasants during the nineteenth century retrieved all their old rights, until they became for some decades the most influential section of the nation, they did not feel as if they had won a new thing—they had simply taken back what had been theirs before. They often became harsh masters to the rural and urban proletariat that grew up beneath them—until the proletariat won increasing influence and power, and in its turn decided to a great extent what should be the development of modern Danish society.

The keen consciousness of the Danes, and of all the Nordic people, of their rights as men and women made for an early victory of modern Labor movements in all the Scandinavian countries. More is the pity that the vigorous growth of the German *Sozialdemokratie*, especially in Prussia, created in Scandinavia an exaggerated faith in the German workingmen and the leaders of their movement. The firm conviction that the German Social Democrats would stop the swashbuckling Kaiser Wilhelm II and his General Staff from starting the war of conquest they raved about, is responsible for much of the sabotage of national defense and the pacifism for which the Labor Party in Denmark as well as in Norway must carry a heavy part of the responsibility. The German *Sozialdemokratie* did nothing to prevent the outbreak of the First World War. In fact, as long as luck seemed to follow the arms of the Germans, it was just as annexation-minded and chauvinistic as all other German groups. And yet the Labor leaders of Denmark and Norway hailed the soft-shell crab of a Weimar Republic as a victory for World Democracy and trusted wholeheartedly that the organized workers of Germany would turn back the rising tide of Nazism and defeat Mr. Hitler and his various bodies of backers. It is of course a commonplace that the German armies of occupation during this war have proved for the thousandth-and-odd time, that Germans are congenitally incapable of understanding the mind of anybody not a German. It ought to be a lesson to the kind-hearted Americans who unrealistically dream of re-educating the Germans, that even the neighboring people who have known them for a millennium or more were always deceiving themselves when they hoped that the Germans had at long last become accessible to the spirit of democracy or developed a taste

for equality and the rights of man. This is a fact, and there is nothing we can do about it.

The pacifism of the Danish Labor Party—the party in power on that black April morning four years ago when the Germans pounced upon Denmark—logically dictated a policy of appeasement. And Mr. Stauning of the red beard, the venerable Danish Labor leader, did his best to appease the German masters of his native land. After all, the Danish Army and Navy were tiny and none too well equipped; the country offered no natural defense lines; Copenhagen and all the other cities and towns could have been blitzed out of existence in a very short time. And yet, in those weeks of tense fear and hope against hope, when our small Norwegian Army doggedly fought at least to delay the march of the invaders through our country and make them pay as dearly as we could for their victory, to me, the child of a Danish mother, it was felt as a heartbreak and a tragedy too great to face squarely that Denmark had had to submit to her age-old enemy without striking a blow in self-defense. It seemed impossible that this could be the end of that thousand-year struggle. And I think, when the news came that the Danes had risen against their oppressors, that they were fighting their enemy with whatever means a conquered and disarmed but resourceful and courageous people could muster, all of us who really knew the Danes felt that we had expected this to happen sooner or later. And however heavy a price the Danes will have to pay for coming out in the open with their resistance, they will never regret that they showed their will to break their chains.

To foreigners visiting Denmark the country seemed a lovely idyll, and the Danes an easygoing, happy, and friendly people, with a fine sense of humor, efficient businessmen and craftsmen, their culture a unique blend of refinement and informality.

It is true, the nature of Denmark lacks strikingly majestic or romantic features—no mountains, no foaming rivers or waterfalls, no wild forests of dark spruce. The plains and low hills and shallow valleys are carefully tilled, with prosperous-looking farms nestling among fields of grain and beet. In spring the small patches of beechwood are aflame with new leaves of an incredibly bright, silky green, shimmering with silver fuzz. In summertime the view in among the steel grey trunks of the beeches rising from a carpet of last year's brown leaves—which kill all undergrowth—has a cathedral-like solemnity; the dark green twilight under the vaulted branches is dappled with sunlight. On the little rivers, bordered with rushes and yellow flag, float raft-like masses of

waterlilies, and slowly and quietly they wind their way towards the sea, through a string of small lakes, where the greenish water mirrors the red walls of an old castle or the sloping lawns and clipped hedges leading up to a white eighteenth-century manor house.

Around the railway stations villages of red and yellow brick houses look decidedly lower middle class, but they are so innocent of vulgar pretense or tawdry ornaments, so lovingly embedded in gardens and bowers of rambler roses, that you very rarely will see anything positively ugly, and much that is positively pretty in its modest way. The old rural villages with their low, whitewashed or half-timbered farm-houses thatched with rushes, clustering around a medieval church and a duck pond surrounded by old willows, are often of an exquisite, quiet beauty. And as often as not the old church is worth exploring. It may not contain great works of art, but the harmoniously proportioned interior offers quaint and graceful details. The country towns, where handsome old houses line the cobbled streets leading to a picturesque market square, are delightful, too. And Copenhagen is certainly one of the most attractive of capitals in all Europe. Here old and new blend into a whole of unusual and harmonious beauty. In the heart of the city, buildings of mellow brick and delicately tinted plaster line the old canals, and fine towers and spires, pale green with verdigris, rise from the massed foliage of tree-lined squares and lush parks. But the old streets teem with the activity of everyday life flowing out into the broad boulevards and modern residential quarters, and on to the suburbs and the large and exceedingly modern harbor. The neighborhood of the sea keeps the city of Copenhagen sweet and cool with a steady breeze, and the moisture in the air makes the sky above the red roofs and green towers a lovely pale blue, bathing and toning down the colors of this colorful city to lightness and softness.

This pale blue sky, alive with beautiful clouds, the tang in the air and the breeze from the sea, will follow you everywhere in Denmark. The sea wind will ripple the fields of grain, the rye and the wheat seem to be billowing towards ripeness, and the million tiny bells of the oats tinkle a melody of their own beneath the trilling of the invisible skylarks high up in the blue. The seashore is never far away. From the blue waves of a summer sea the land rises steeply with bluffs of yellow gravel or sand-stone, where the waves have eaten into the flanks of the land, and at the foot of the point the water is forever lapping with a soft murmur among the boulders on the white beach. And far off against the horizon small islands float like green wreaths on the light blue sea.

So lovely, so mild and restful is the nature of Denmark in summer. But the Danish winter is forbiddingly bleak and joyless with rarely a

day of snow and sunshine and clear sky. Most of the time an everlasting procession of dark clouds are driven by high winds across the soaked, brown and naked land. A heavy smell of decay is everywhere. Sometimes a blizzard will come and drive the snow horizontally through the air, until valleys and hollows are filled and drifts block the roads and railways, and the Belts freeze, and traffic between the islands is made precarious. For months at a time the sea is pounding the shores, biting into the land that was moulded on the bottom of the ocean, a shield of limestone and sandstone covered with topsoil left by the glaciers of the ice age. The face of Denmark has its grim aspects too, and it is not only the vicinity of the predatory neighbor to the south, but the very nature of their windswept and seagirt country, which has made the Danes the most self-willed, at bottom the most unyielding and realistic of the Nordic nations.

A nation whose innermost structure is soft, lacking backbone, may need militarism, regimentation, a stiffly organized community life, as the lobster needs his shell. Such a nation may need a class trained to dominate the masses who are easily bullied and like to be bullied. But the deceptive informality of life in Denmark, the easy manners and quick wit of the Danes, express the nation's innermost conviction: we are a people with a well developed backbone, supple muscles, sensitive nerves, and keen senses. A people that has had to be on the alert always cannot afford to stiffen in rigid formality. Foreigners usually get the impression that the Danes are a kind, friendly people, not given to suspicions and double-dealing, that they are essentially frank and honest. This is true. A nation that has survived any number of crises, braved unending difficulties, has become too realistic for suspiciousness, which is, after all, just an inverted form of wishful thinking. The Danes have had to look squarely at hard facts, brace themselves to meet them; they know it is not really wise to be dishonest, not with one's self and not with others, and they have learned to find the pleasant facts, enjoy them and relax. The zest for living, the keen taste for all that is good and beautiful and gay, is a trait common to the Danes and the Frenchmen, and with both people it is born of long intimacy with danger. The lightheartedness of the Danes, when times permit them to be lighthearted, is of a different color from that of the Frenchmen. But then the Danes are a nation of sailors even more than a nation of farmers, and the words of Nordahl Grieg about the Norwegians, "The fetter-despising ocean has fostered a breed of free men," holds good of the Danes too.

This does not mean that the Danes lack a sense of form. But their style of life was always adverse to rigidity, pompousness, irrelevant pathos or ostentation. Big talk and unrestrained emotionalism always

disgusted them, even though it tickled their sense of the ridiculous. It was the easy suppleness of the Danish language that made Jens Baggesen, the poet, say of it, that when the Muses and Graces had tried all other languages of the world, they would choose the Danish for a housegown.

It may be fanciful to imagine that the exquisitely finished implements of the later Stone Age and the simplicity and elegance of the arms and ornaments, even of the gorgeous ceremonial trumpets called *Lurer* of the Bronze Age, are already typical of this Danish taste for clean lines and functionalistic shapes, of economy in the use of ornaments that never will be permitted to interfere with the end the object was made for. Yet the strange accident that has permitted the Danes to look into the very faces of their ancestors of the Bronze Age,* has proved that, even at that remote time, Denmark must have been inhabited by people of the same ethnic stock as today—of fair and tall men and women of pleasant rather than regularly handsome features, skilled craftsmen and craftswomen of rather sophisticated tastes, just as are the Danes of today.

The trend also of the Danish language has a distinctive unity of purpose. The runic inscriptions on old memorial stones, the laws of the Middle Ages, and the splendid Danish ballads, the literature of the Golden Age of the Romantic movement, as well as the literature of the last hundred years, all strive to express the whole gamut of human emotions soberly, tautly, without the flabbiness of exaggerations: a healthy sensualism that never runs a fever temperature or goes off in convulsions, but sings the praise of fair women and sane, clean-minded young men, of the perilous and loving embrace of the sea that surrounds the islands of Denmark, and of the green woods and the loveliness of the Danish land. German influences, especially for a while after the Lutheran Reformation, temporarily contaminated the language with foreign heavy words and topheavy or involved diction, but the stream of the language ran on, gradually cleansing itself from the foreign dross. Of course the Romantic movement in Denmark was also inspired from Germany—one of the many instances where German influence, when it was brought to bear upon the Danish mind, immediately was transformed into something different: here was no hankering after the Blue Blossom beyond the horizon—the roses and wild flowers and beeches and oaks rooted in the soil of the homeland were good enough for the

* Some Danish burial mounds from the Bronze Age contain coffins hollowed out of the trunks of oaks. The tannic acid of the wood has preserved the clothing of the dead and parts of the bodies so well that by washing out the hair and modelling upon the bones of the head the average covering of flesh of a human face, it has been possible to reconstruct the features of the dead men and women. The most famous of them, the Egtved girl, was exceedingly pretty.—S.U.

See article "A Glimpse of Denmark Three Thousand Years Ago," by J. Bröndsted, the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, January, 1928.—Ed.

Danish poets. The love of the outlandish and the gruesome and the shocking that characterized the Romantic theater had to give way, in the tragedies of Oehlenschläger, to a classic feeling for moderation and dignity in Danish heroes and heroines faced with crushing disaster and awed by the justice of fate, or the gods. And the weird company of undines and gnomes and salamanders and witches was quietly crowded out by the creations of H. C. Andersen's imagination—those denizens of a world where it seems reasonable and credible that hens and cats and children and old men and women from the poorhouse and flowers and pots and pans and scissors and laundered undies should discuss the problems of life with the perceptions of poets and the acumen of sages. In the world of Hans Christian Andersen mermaids and witches and Snow Queens behave just as naturally and convincingly as the barnyard animals or the emperors of China or fairyland. His tales are seemingly idyllic enough to have become a favorite treasure to children all over the world, and yet their subdued wisdom, and sometimes a cool cynicism about the world of men and women, is compelling enough to make the old tales seem new and often quite disconcerting when you reread them after you have passed from the age of youth and trustfulness on to disillusioned maturity. H. C. Andersen is essentially Danish. But just as Danish are the short stories of Steen Steensen Blicher about all kinds and conditions of men who have one thing in common—the quiet courage that makes them bear the unbearable, unbowed and unembittered, or the sensitive softness that makes young girls fade away into the world of the insane dreamers when their hearts have been broken. Danish is also the fierce passion for truth and intellectual honesty even in the approach to the final mysteries the soul has to face, of life and death and the essence of Divinity, that burn in the works of Søren Kierkegaard. Danish is also the integrity and fighting spirit as well as the mature soberness of Henrik Pontoppidan. But just as much a part of the Danish genius are the verses of that generation of lyrical poets who flourished towards the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, among whom were Johannes Jørgensen, Viggo Stuckenberg, and the wizard Sophus Claussen.

It is a commonplace that the contribution of the small nations to the treasure-house of Western civilization has been out of all proportion great when compared to what has been achieved by the great nations. That is, wherever the national minorities of Europe have succeeded in defending themselves against being swallowed up and oppressed by large and populous nations, and have managed to preserve an independent life as homogeneous small nations, they may very well be con-

sidered working models of the kind of state the great democratic nations profess that they aim to be.

When this article is going into print the fate of the small nations of Europe may have been decided, in so far as they may have been freed from the octopus grasp of the conquering Germans, and they may be on their way to clean themselves from the filth that inundated them when the Nazis exploded the septic tank of all the human vices which civilization for centuries has striven to suppress and keep under restraint. How much they will be able to maintain of their age-old right to self-determination is uncertain today and will be for a long time to come. A return to the unlimited sovereignty of the nations of Europe is unlikely, and the small nations will not be made to sacrifice less of it than the greater. Yet for the future of the world it is of supreme importance that they should not be hampered when it comes to preserving their cultural integrity and the opportunity to pursue their natural and individual development. The small Nordic nations always stood for freedom and loyalty to the ideals of human dignity and honesty. Denmark, the oldest of nations in Europe today, and yet as young and vigorous as ever, could not disappear from the family of European nations without a heavy loss to the world that is going to emerge from this Armageddon; for Denmark was always a model of an urbane, dignified, yet unpretentious and gracious civilization.



Swedish Modern

BY ELSA PEHRSON

DURING THE past decade something called Swedish Modern has become known in the Western world. It has influenced interior decoration, not only in Sweden, but also in England and America. Recent visitors to Sweden, who have not been there in the last twenty years, tell us that Swedish Modern has changed the whole face and atmosphere of the country.

When I left Sweden for America a few years ago I brought along on the boat some pieces of Swedish Modern furniture to make me feel more at home in the strange country. I need not have bothered. One of the first things I noticed after having landed in San Francisco was a shop window where a Swedish Modern interior was displayed, including the same kind of furniture that I had transported across half the globe. And when I later came to Hollywood, I found that one of the biggest furniture stores had a whole floor devoted to what they called Swedish Modern, though to my eyes it seemed to have little in common with that idea. Something extravagant and luxurious had crept into the design and softened it up. There was the blond wood, it is true, but that is hardly enough to justify the label "Swedish Modern," which stands for something much more fundamental.

How is it then that a small, comparatively poor country like Sweden can have created something in the line of interior decoration which has been so widely accepted? In the past the Swedes have hardly been known as originators of new styles. In many ways Swedish Modern can be seen as an outgrowth of Sweden's evolution in other fields. It coincides with her development from a class society where both houses and furniture had the stamp of class, into a democratic society where every individual has an equal chance for education and culture. For Swedish Modern is of no special class, nor does it cater to the sophisticated taste of the few. It can be found in any Swedish home, from the small bachelor apartment of a self-supporting office girl to the palace of royalty. Its appearance coincides with Sweden's transition from nationalism to internationalism. It is the product of a people that is rich in tradition, but at the same time courageous enough to break away from traditions when they become binding, and to create new forms for living, whether in the social field or in the home. There has since ancient times existed in the Swedish folk soul a strong craving for beautiful home surroundings. Possibly the long cold



*Interior by Carl Malmsten. Wall Hangings from
Märta Måås-Fjetterström*

winters have had something to do with this. When you have to spend so much of your time indoors, it is natural that you try to make the place you are confined to as beautiful as possible. Therefore arts and crafts and everything that has to do with home culture have always been an important part of Swedish life.

But it would be wrong to picture the Swedes as a people of stay-at-homes. On the contrary, they have always been rather adventurous, roving all over the world, meeting new people and absorbing new ideas. In former times they were also pretty constantly engaged in foreign wars. From their adventures in other lands they brought rich

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treasures of art and furniture home to Sweden. This influx from abroad has always in the past had a strong influence on Swedish taste and culture. When the Swedish kings or the nobility built new castles, it almost became a rule that architects and interior decorators should be called in from abroad, very often from France. French styles in dress and furniture were dominant in Sweden for many centuries.

But whatever styles the Swedes imported they always changed them in the process of assimilation, transforming them into something peculiarly Swedish. Generally they modified and simplified them, cutting away too extravagant curves or too lavish ornamentations. This simplification was not only due to the fact that Sweden was a poor country lacking many of the luxury materials that rich France could afford, it was perhaps just as much due to a taste for simplicity and restraint inherent in the Swedish character.

The old Continental period styles, more or less modified, continued to be dominant in Swedish homes up to the First World War, with the exception of the "plush era" in the latter part of the nineteenth century. True, Sweden like most European countries suffered from the decadence of taste which followed the industrial revolution; but what is not native in you, what is against your whole nature and outlook on life, cannot prevail for long. The Swedes woke up from their soft plush dream perhaps a little bit sooner than most countries. They felt ill at ease among the vulgar, complicated furniture and bric-a-brac with which the factories had swamped the country, and began to remember their refined past with its old period styles. The factories responded and imitated these styles, which came to be in great demand. But not even during the "plush era" had the cheap factory taste reigned uncontested.

There were in Sweden during the 1890s and till the end of the First World War two opposing camps of interior decorators, who fought each other bitterly. On one side were the arts and crafts people, a tremendously influential group, who contended that only the handmade could be beautiful and that everything machine-made was ugly. Their taste was conservative, and they favored the old styles. On the other side were a group of artists and designers and some progressive factory-owners, who saw the possibilities of making beautiful furniture and household goods by machine and according to new designs. In the 1920s this struggle came to an end, and the two camps united. Some factories began to employ eminent Swedish artists who designed glass, pottery, textiles, and furniture for them, and whose models were reproduced by machine on a large scale and at low prices. This event, the admittance of the artist into the factories, was the beginning of



Furniture Designed by G. A. Berg and Marcel Brener



Furniture by Paul U. Bergström, from the Cooperative Union, Stockholm



Furniture Designed by the Futurum Company, Stockholm



Living Room Designed by Axel Larsson, Shown at the World's Fair, 1939

Swedish Modern. The handicraft people continued to make their more expensive products, but the machine-made and the handmade were melted into new schemes of interior decoration. In 1930 there was an exhibition in Stockholm where these new interiors were shown for the first time on a large scale. They did not conform to any previous style or epoch. In their utter simplicity they seemed to have struck a universal note. The exhibition, though only national in scope, unexpectedly became an international success. Visitors from abroad, especially from England and America, went back to their countries and wrote enthusiastic articles about this new conception of interior decoration. Not being able to find a more appropriate name, they called it Swedish Modern.

But let us look closer at the psychological principles underlying this movement called Swedish Modern, for it is a *movement*, a new attitude toward life, rather than a new style. One of the driving forces in bringing Swedish Modern about, at least in its radical form, was a reaction against the copying of old styles, against that whole mentality which only looked to the past for ideas, as if everything that



By Way of Contrast—a Room from the 1880s



Living Room Designed by Nordiska Kompaniet, Stockholm

could be said in the way of furniture and interior decoration had already and finally been said. Up to the advent of Swedish Modern it seemed that by some unwritten law a Swedish home with some claim to be cultured had to be furnished in some form of Renaissance, Empire, rococo, or Directoire, called "Carl-Johan" in Sweden after the first Bernadotte. If you were not fortunate enough to have inherited genuine antique furniture in these old styles, you bought imitation sets. The advocates of Swedish Modern who worked with so much zeal to liberate the Swedes from what they called "the tyranny of the old styles," dislike to hear their creations called "a new style." A style is stationary, limited, and final, whereas Swedish Modern is something dynamic, capable of infinite development and variation.

Why, asked the advocates of Swedish Modern as they looked around at thousands of Swedish homes, why should we, people of today, insist on imitating and living among furniture and objects created by and for people of another age and mentality, people long since dead? Are we to have furniture designed for the dead or for the living? They looked at the heavy imitation Renaissance dining room sets in oak, which filled so many small Swedish city apartments to overcrowding. This furniture, they said, was once created for baronial halls and was made so sturdy because it had to resist the wild drinking bouts of warriors and knights, when heavy swords and other missiles cut the

air. Why should we today insist on imitating and using such untimely and cumbersome things, so totally unrelated to our own way of life? Or, they asked, why should modern Swedes insist on living among rococo? We have long since ceased to wear the powdered wigs, voluminous skirts, ruffles, lace, pearl-embroidered frock-coats and shoe buckles which the people wore for whom this furniture was designed. And they pointed to the picture of a modern girl in slacks or tailor-made sitting on one of those wide rococo *bergères* which are the pride of imitation furniture dealers. Isn't there something wrong with the picture? Or with the sight of modern engineers or bank directors discussing the latest motorcar model or news from the stock exchange among these representatives of a bygone age? If they were logical, these gentlemen should be discussing the latest minuet or snuffbox design. And they were puzzled by the psychological riddle of the average Swedish woman school teacher, who, when about to furnish her modest home, seemed to be able to think of nothing more fitting than the martial mahogany of the Carl-Johan or Directoire style, which was once created for Napoleon and his generals.

No, they said, furniture should be designed for the living, not for the dead. It should suit our own needs, mentality, and habits. The new Swedish Modern furniture which came as a result of this kind of reasoning was received with enthusiasm in all strata of Swedish society. This does not mean that the majority of Swedes followed a very radical modern designer's advice to "throw out the old furniture," but it was evident after the Exhibition of 1930 that the old period styles had lost their hold, at least on the younger generation of Swedes. Nor does it mean that all contemporary Swedish designers cut loose altogether from the old styles. Many preferred to build further on them, modernizing them, often with very charming results. There has always been a strain of sternness in the Swedish way of life—whether from necessity or taste, or both, is not easy to say. Swedes in general love the genuine, in people or in things. They admire simplicity, integrity, and restraint and dislike pretense and flashiness. Swedes on the whole are not easily impressed by money, glamour, or a big outer show. In today's Sweden it is hardly considered a great distinction to be very rich. If you are, and you show your wealth in a dazzling display of motorcars, jewels, luxurious clothes or furniture, it is rather looked upon as bad taste.

These traits of character have found an expression in Swedish Modern, which means a simplicity of line and form and an elimination of superficialities bordering almost on nakedness. It means an elimination till you reach the very structural essence of an object or a piece of

furniture, and when you have been able to do that, the miracle happens that beauty has been created at the same time.

The new "styleless" Swedish Modern furniture and interiors were designed with the main purpose that they should fit the human mind and body at work or at rest. Before that the style came first, and the human being had to adapt himself to it, even if his body ached. These new Swedish Modern chairs and sofas followed the structure of the human body; backs curved in at the right places to fit the human back, handrests sloped backward in order to aid the circulation of the blood, there were no decorations, no swelling upholsteries to distort the sober outline, no gilding or paint to hide the natural beauty of the wood. The structural lines and the plain wood, treated so as to bring out its characteristics, were alone relied upon to create beauty. Combined with the delicate pure colors of modern Swedish textiles they gave a light, almost immaterial impression. Wood is generally used in Swedish Modern furniture, seldom metal, which most Swedish Moderns consider "inhuman" and cold to the touch, whereas wood is warm and friendly. There are no dark woods in Sweden, therefore Swedish Modern furniture is light in color. As walls and ceilings are usually held in light or neutral tones too, this kind of room offers an excellent background for whatever splashes of color one may like to introduce—a picture, a vase with flowers, a cushion, or some pieces of ceramics. Yes, the Swedish Moderns ask you not to forget that your dress or your necktie should be considered as parts of the color scheme too, as should also your hair and complexion.

There are no set rules as to how furniture should be placed in a Swedish Modern room. You have to depend on your own sense of rhythm and balance. There is no unwritten law to tell you that the table should stand in front of the sofa, flanked by two armchairs as was the case in a Carl Johan interior. But there seems to be a general agreement that nothing should be allowed to block the "traffic-lines" in a room.

When the late Raymond Clapper, one of the American journalists who visited Sweden last year, came back to America, he remarked on the simplicity amounting to "starkness," which he found in so many modern Swedish homes, and on the absence of so much of what is generally termed "comfort." But it is not really true that the Swedish Moderns in their esthetic zeal sacrifice anything in the way of real comfort. They have learnt by a process of elimination how to reach maximum comfort without cluttering up their homes. They have discovered the beauty and restfulness of empty spaces. When they look around their houses or apartments they do not think, "What else can I put

in?" but rather, "What can I take away?" Empty spaces enhance the beauty of an object or a piece of furniture, and of people too. What if I am ugly, somebody might object. But the Swedish Modernist has his answer ready: nobody is really ugly, everybody has something that is characteristic, which will be accentuated against a clean, light, spacious background. As human beings are the most important factor in the home, neither furniture nor anything else should be so loud that it dominates them. Furniture should not tower above their heads and look down on them, but remain on a low, even level.

There was in Raymond Clapper's remarks also a question as to whether such homes as the Swedish Modern that he saw might not in the long run become boring. That depends on yourself, the Swedish Modernist would say. If you are an alive and alert person—and you probably are if you chose to live in surroundings like these—and if you have imagination, you can create something new out of such a home almost every day. Because it is so simple, it is suggestive and stimulates your imagination. A Swedish Modern home is not a final once and for all finished thing, as the old homes so often were. It is a place for your taste to grow in, and lends itself easily to experimentation and change. If your taste develops and changes, your home should not be so rigid or so expensively furnished that it cannot be changed too. You can achieve quite astounding changes by experimenting with the movable touches of color in a room, such as small objects, pictures, flowers, and so on. The Swedish Moderns would probably also tell you that simple, right-proportioned things seldom become boring.

It is hardly any wonder that principles like those of Swedish Modern, when applied in thousands of homes all over a small nation like Sweden, have had the power to transform both the atmosphere and the face of the country. Externally the change has been equally striking, because along with these interiors has grown a new, simple architecture. If you visit Stockholm, you will find how block after block of new, tall, light-colored apartment houses, with air, space, and gardens around them, have changed the physiognomy of the city. But the change in the mental atmosphere is perhaps the most striking. The Swedes are in many ways a conservative people, who value the past. But they also realize that there is no such thing as a *status quo* in life and that old forms sooner or later must give way to new. Swedish Modern can be seen as an outcome of this realization.

Elsa Pehrson, a Swedish writer and art expert, has been lecturing on Swedish Modern in California under the auspices of the Swedish Information Bureau

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Prince Harald Is Penning a Letter While His Mother and Sisters Look on

At Pooks Hill

WHEN IN LATE August 1940 the good ship *American Legion* arrived in New York with its human cargo from war-torn Europe, Crown Princess Märtha of Norway and her three children were among the passengers. Only fourteen months had elapsed since the future Queen of Norway had waved a fond adieu to the United States which she and her husband had toured for seventy days.

As she stood on deck with her two young daughters, Ragnhild and Astrid, and her little son Harald, viewing the great harbor of free New York, surely through her mind must have surged a maelstrom of complex thoughts—of the tragedy that had befallen her land and countrymen—of her own family's harrowing experiences during the cruel invasion, when they were bombed and machine-gunned—of dark



Pooks Hill, Home of Crown Princess Märtha

foreboding for the future, yet mixed with hope and faith, and with relief in the knowledge that she and her children had been provided with a safe refuge at the invitation of the President of the United States.

The four years which have passed since then have been spent by the Crown Princess at her temporary home near Bethesda, Maryland. Much has been written about the splendor of this property—Pooks Hill—purchased by the Norwegian Government. Suffice it to say



A Group of Norwegian Sailors Are Entertained at Pooks Hill

that Pooks Hill is a comfortable country place built and owned by an American newspaper man, Mr. Merle Thorpe, before it was bought by Norway. There is nothing unusual about it; every American city and suburb can point to far more elaborate and magnificent homes.

At Pooks Hill the Crown Princess lives in quiet simplicity, managing to a great extent her own household, getting the children off to school every morning, driving to town (to the limit of her gasoline rationing) on shopping trips, taking Astrid to the doctor with a bruised arm, or bringing her wire-haired terrier to the veterinarian. On several occasions she has spoken over the radio on days which are memorable in Norwegian history, but she has declined an endless number of invitations to be interviewed by the press, because she does not feel that she has any particular message to the American public. In this attitude there is no aloofness, for during her travels with the Crown Prince she met members of the press a hundred times and, with her keen sense of humor and easy manner, became in fact a favorite with them.



Sending a Christmas Greeting to Norway



The Crown Princess Edits Her Own Movie in the Library at Pooks Hill

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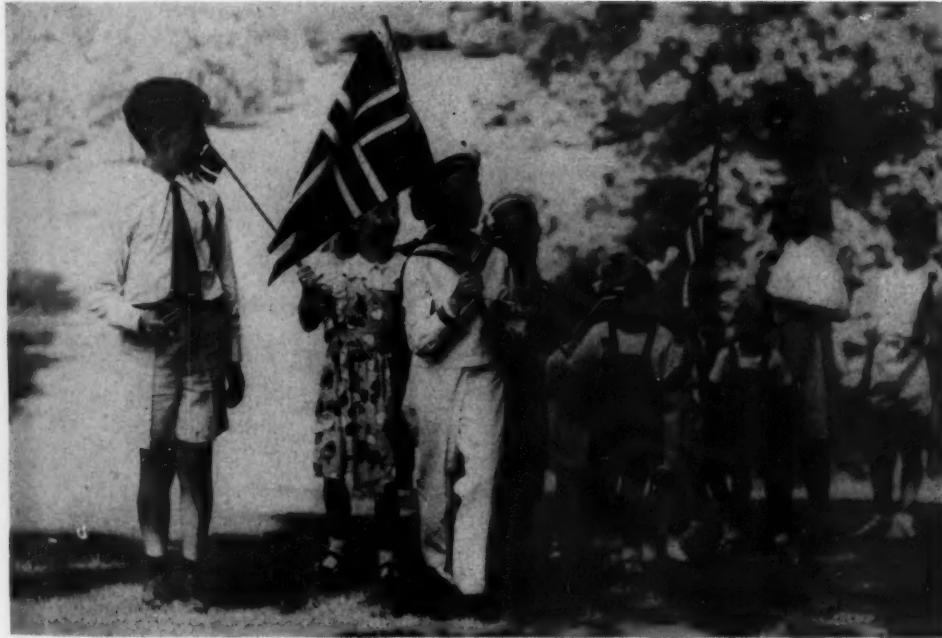
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In the summer of 1942 Crown Princess Märtha flew across the Atlantic to attend the seventieth anniversary of King Haakon VII; she also returned by plane, and is rather proud of her membership in the growing Order of Short Snorters.

The passing social scene in Washington, D.C., holds little if any interest for the Crown Princess. Beyond attending official functions at the Norwegian Embassy, her public appearances are limited to a goodly number of occasions where the interests of Norway require her presence, running the scale from small groups of Norwegian women working for Norway in various fields to the opening of Norwegian exhibitions, Seamen's Homes, and commemorative affairs. She does not particularly care to make public addresses, but when she does, she acquits herself well, with a good delivery and a voice which is exceptionally well suited for the microphone. One might add that she is indeed a congenial companion in any gathering, an interesting and witty conversationalist, and a very good listener.

Crown Princess Märtha is genuinely fond of America. Then, too, she has had ample opportunity to visit with the people of the United States during the three rather extensive tours she has made with Crown Prince Olav, in 1939, 1942, and 1944. With the exception of



Prince Harald Leading a Procession of Norwegian Children on the Seventeenth of May

a very few, she has travelled through every State of the Union, making her own moving picture records of the journeys.

For more than four years the Crown Princess has been biding time for her return to Norway. She is well informed about events on the Norwegian home front as well as on the fighting fronts where Norwegian forces are taking part, on sea and land, and in the air. Her long sojourn on American soil has been tuned to the tragedy and glory of her country's fight for survival, and her faith in ultimate victory, always deep and firm, shines brightly in the light of certainty today.

H. O.

Official Norwegian photos used

The King Will Ride Again

BY NEILSON ABEEL

FEAR NOT brave land, the King will ride again
Through his own city by the Baltic shore.
The Dannebrog will fly in sun or rain;
The King will come into his own once more.

The royal guard will change, the band will play;
The people's shouts will shake the gleaming towers,
And Denmark will have known her happiest day
Since the great darkness which the evil powers

Cast on her freedom and her ancient throne.
O wished for day come quickly, do not wait!
The brave old King must come into his own,
And ride his white horse through his palace gate.

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Betty Hennings as I Knew Her

BY BJORN JOHANNSON

WELCOME from the great America to our little Denmark."

With these words Fru Betty Hennings greeted me at a gathering in Copenhagen in 1936. As my eyes took in the slim, graceful figure of this lady of eighty-five

Bernhardt of the North," I answered sincerely.

Her eyes registered amusement, then with what seemed like a trace of sadness she answered,

"Thank you, my dear pastor, but that title I have never deserved."

During the next three years I came to know Fru Hennings well, and while this article deals mostly with my personal impressions of her, a few words about her stage career seem to be in order.

Her maiden name was Betty Schnell. She was born of humble parents, but, perhaps due to the fact that her mother worked in the Royal Theater at Copenhagen, she was admitted as a pupil in the ballet school of that institution at the age of seven. She had not been there long before her gift of mimicry attracted the attention of the famous ballet-master, Dr. August Bournonville, and he took over

her education. He was a stern disciplinarian, impatient of mistakes and not above using the palm of his hand on a pupil. He saw remarkable talent in his new protégée and confidently predicted a great future for her. Every summer he took her with him to his summer home in



Fru Betty Hennings

who did not look to be over sixty, and as I felt the magic of her clear, expressive hazel-grey eyes, I began to understand why for forty years she had been one of the dominant figures of the Scandinavian theater world.

"And I am honored to meet the Sarah

Fredensborg to give her special instruction.

From what Fru Hennings told me, I feel inclined to believe that there were many things besides the steps and the rhythm of the ballet that the old master instilled into her virgin mind. I believe that from him, in part, she imbibed not only a love for the theater but a deep sense of reverence and obligation towards her art. The art of the theater in her mind involved a twofold trusteeship: first, of such talents as the actor might possess; secondly, of a creative work to be presented on the stage where its potential beauty could either be marred or unveiled in its full purity. To fail to do anything less than the latter was to betray a sacred trust.

To follow this esthetic-moral code, the artist must make stern demands upon himself. No self-indulgence that would lessen his powers was permissible; nor must his private life be such as to reflect discredit upon his profession. It hurt Fru Hennings to hear about moral lapses on the part of actors, for these it seemed to her must diminish their ability to portray nobly the thing of beauty that might be entrusted to them.

Fru Hennings lived up to her code. No breath of scandal ever touched her private or public life.

Dr. Bournonville was not alone in helping to create this attitude on the part of Fru Hennings. Later, her church, to which she was very devoted, and her high-minded husband, Henrik Hennings, head of *Hofmusikhændelen*, did much to shape this moral outlook upon art in her mind.

Under Dr. Bournonville's tutelage, she made rapid progress. Her energy, will-power, and capacity for work enabled her soon to conquer the ballet. Dr. Bournonville wrote of her while she was still a pupil:

"In combination with her beautiful aptitude for graceful dancing and her possession of a rhythmic swing, she has in her

blond features that unexplainable something which so early revealed itself in Jenny Lind."

As a gift from her teacher on her sixteenth birthday, in 1866, dainty Betty Schnell received the leading rôle in the ballet, *Valdemar*, and on November 20 of that year made her debut. Her success was instantaneous. To Dr. Bournonville this was a vindication of his judgment, for his colleagues had told him that he was foolish to entrust the difficult rôle of Astrid to a youngster just confirmed. To this he answered, "It is the spirit rather than the body which gives the scene life and brilliance."

It was not only the grace of her dancing that captivated Copenhagen. Perhaps it was even more those expressive eyes which shone alike with kindly sympathy and with enthusiastic determination. Throughout her career, those eyes of Fru



Betty Schnell at Seventeen
in a Ballad by Bournonville

Hennings were one of her greatest assets. Although they had probably lost some of their brightness when I knew her, I was always conscious of their power. There were times when I stood in my pulpit with Fru Hennings in one of the front pews, that I almost had a feeling—if I looked into her eyes as I preached—that I was carrying on a conversation with her.

Following one of her early performances, an awkward, gangling individual, with a face uncomely enough to be striking, sought her out and introduced himself as Hans Christian Andersen.

"I want to thank you for giving me one of the rarest evenings of my life," said the famous writer of fairy tales, who was himself an inveterate devotee of the theater. Then with a slightly sad smile he added: "It was my first ambition in life to be a ballet dancer, and when I saw you tonight I saw myself as I wished to be when I was your age."

He predicted for her a brilliant future. His prophecy as well as the confidence of Dr. Bournonville, for whom she had a deep affection, helped steel her, in spite of failing health, to even greater exertions, for as she told me, "I just would not disappoint these men—I had to prove that their faith in me was not misplaced."

But even her iron will was not strong enough to combat her growing physical weakness. Time and again she would faint after a performance and finally medical help was sought. The doctors said she had tuberculosis and ordered a rest. With resolution she now fought to regain her health and soon was well enough to take up her work once more.

About this time Professor F. L. Höedt, teacher of dramatics in the Royal Theater, began to cast his eye covetously in her direction. He wanted her for the drama, but Dr. Bournonville was equally determined to keep her for the ballet. Between the two a stiff contest ensued. Fru Hennings was torn between gratitude and affection for the ballet-master and a grow-

ing desire to enter the field of the drama. Finally, on the advice of her physician, she decided in favor of the latter. With tears in her eyes she entered Dr. Bournonville's office to tell him. The moment she was in his presence, she forgot the speech she had intended to make and could only blurt out her decision. The old master looked at her without saying a word, then spontaneously the two threw their arms around each other, kissed, and wept.

In the drama she made her debut in Molière's *A School for Wives*. Her success was as immediate as it had been in the ballet. From that time on for more than forty years she maintained her place as Denmark's foremost actress.

At this time Henrik Ibsen was still looked upon more or less askance. He was charged with sensationalism and with making his plays briefs for various causes. Fru Hennings came to his defense. She pointed to the superb technique employed by the Norwegian, and declared that a dramatist must be free to portray life from any standpoint he sees it. Her views received considerable publicity in the press.

This may in part have influenced the Royal Theater in its decision to accept *A Doll's House* and to cast Fru Hennings in the rôle of the heroine. To her goes the honor of being the first to portray Nora. She always looked upon this as her greatest as well as her most difficult rôle.

"For weeks I labored to understand this strange character of Nora. I had been married only a few months before, and was deeply attached to my husband and my home. If I had had to choose between the theater, which I loved dearly, and my home, I would have chosen the latter without any hesitation. Therefore I could not understand how any woman could abandon home and children for the sake of an idea," Fru Hennings told me.

"Did you not feel sympathy for Nora as a type of the new woman who demand-



*As Agnes in Molière's
A School for Wives*

ed a chance for self-expression?" I asked her.

"No, it was only in later life that I came to understand that," she answered. "You see, I had no interest in politics. The theater had always given me ample chance for self-expression, so I had never been aware of the frustrations that oppressed so many women in those days." It was the human Nora, who by an act of will took the hard but honest way out, that Fru Hennings portrayed, rather than the rebel who became a symbol of women's struggle for emancipation.

I heard Fru Hennings frequently discuss Nora. I have a feeling that Nora was for her more than a character to be acted on the stage; she was rather a friend, from another world perhaps, but nevertheless one with whom she felt the deepest human ties. Nora had come to her as had so many

others to seek counsel and strength, and the great actress had helped her to steel herself to do heroically what she conceived as her duty.

But whatever means Fru Hennings used in comprehending and in delineating Nora, certain it is that *A Doll's House* became a great success at the box office. Thousands who had never set foot in the Royal Theater before flocked to see it. People who had never been known to have an opinion on anything suddenly became violent partisans in the controversy that raged in the press, in the coffeehouses, on the street corners, and at social gatherings.

It was as Nora that Fru Hennings was to score what she regarded as her greatest triumph. About the turn of the century an international performance of *A Doll's House* was given at Prague. From a number of European countries actors who had given an outstanding performance of some rôle were brought together, each speaking his lines in his own language. Fru Hennings was selected for the part of Nora. She knew no language but Danish, and could not understand the lines spoken by her colleagues. Yet so skillfully did she interpret the pantomime and so deftly did she direct with her eyes that no one ever missed a cue. To the girl from little Denmark went the honors of the day despite the fact that the other performers were famous actors and actresses from the cultural centers in France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary.

As stated before, Fru Hennings was eighty-five years of age when I first knew her. Her mind was clear to the last, and she followed with keen interest what was transpiring in the world. Nevertheless, as may be surmised, she lived largely in the past and fed on memories from another day. Her world of memories was very different from the world that was on the eve of its second tragic conflict. Through the former moved, as living beings, giants of the spirit whose names now sound as if

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they came from a dim and distant past. There were H. C. Andersen, Henrik Ibsen, Björnsterne Björnson, and Holger Drachmann. It was a world of writers, sages, and artists who dared to dream of eternal progress for the children of men, who saw mankind busily employing reason and the new technique of science in solving the problems that had dogged the footsteps of the race from the beginning of time.

To the writers and dreamers of this period all things seemed possible. Evolution meant progress and ever greater achievements. Certainly, there was much stark misery in the world; there was much poverty, injustice, and oppression. But judgment had been pronounced on those and it was only a question of how long they would be allowed to encumber the world. Moreover, these men had rolled up their sleeves, and by means of the drama, the novel, and the poem were doing battle against the hosts of evil. The world was going to be remade in accordance with the heart's desires.

Fru Hennings shared these views, nor was her faith shaken by the events of the last twenty-five years of her life.

It was always a delight to hear her reminisce about those great figures of the past. I asked her about her impression of Henrik Ibsen.

"I had two," she answered. "The first time I saw him was at a dinner given in his honor by the actors of Copenhagen. We had all waited in tense expectation to hear what the great Ibsen would say to us. But all we heard from him was 'Good day' when he arrived and 'Farewell' when he left. Then he seemed to me a somewhat vain and temperamental person, but later I came to know him well and found him to be warm-hearted, modest, and keenly alive to what was good and beautiful."

Ibsen appreciated the contribution that Fru Hennings made to his success. When he wrote *The Wild Duck*, it was with Fru Hennings in mind as little Hedvig. She

also was grateful to him, for she said he had given her the best rôles she ever acted.

Her first meeting with Björnson was also a disappointment. She and her husband were guests at the famous Norwegian's home, but the latter was then engrossed in politics. Try as she might to get him off that subject and into a discussion of literature, she failed. Of him she said:

"Björnson was a man of strong convictions. With him ideas came first and art afterwards. He had the personality of a born leader, and he was of the stuff from which heroes are made. He would have been ready to die for what he believed."

Most loved of the celebrities she knew was the exuberant, fun-loving lyric poet and dramatist, Holger Drachmann. He was a frequent guest at the Hennings home where his wit and brilliant conversation always were enjoyed.

"Drachmann had the enthusiasm and vitality of a boy," she told me. "Frequently when he had emptied his wine glass he would hurl it against the wall in pure boyish fun. He loved life and he seemed to regard himself as a kind of knight constantly engaged in conquering it."

Despite her unstinted admiration for Sarah Bernhardt, I thought I detected a slight note of coolness when she described the appearance in Denmark of the French actress. This was not, however, due to any professional jealousy, but rather because of a controversy among the critics of Copenhagen as to the relative merits of the two.

"Sarah Bernhardt was our guest, and I felt that the argument was in bad taste. It was highly embarrassing to me. It pleased me to be called the Sarah Bernhardt of the North, but never did I think of myself as her equal, much less her superior."

After Fru Hennings' retirement from the theater, the church and her religion became her chief outside interest. She was deeply religious, due in part to the influ-

ence of her husband, who was a devout student of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, but perhaps even more to the shock of her only child's death. She was so attached to her little blue-eyed, yellow-haired boy that she contemplated giving up the stage in order to devote herself exclusively to her family.

"You may think it strange, my dear pastor," she said to me, "that after this blow I went on with even greater ardor pursuing my art. But there were only two alternatives for me: either the rôle of a *Mater Dolorosa* or my art. With the passage of the years, however, I have found my greatest solace in my religion."

Fru Hennings lived her religion. She lived simply and devoted as much of her income as she could to religious and charitable purposes. To help a fellow creature gave her more pleasure than ostentation. The humblest were always welcome at her home, and many a Krone passed from her hand to those in need.

I have mentioned before her somewhat puritanical attitude towards her art, but this did not prevent her from having a kindly tolerance towards other people.

"We must not be harsh in our judgments," she said to me once. "The Lord needs many different kinds of characters in the drama He is writing. We do not know but that those we may despise or condemn have a rôle as important as our own."

Once she asked me to see a certain man who many years before had been a minor employee of her husband's, and who later had fallen into the toils of the law and served a sentence in the penitentiary.

"I have found employment for him,"

she told me. "I want you to show him that you are his friend, that he is not an outcast with the world against him. I want him to have another chance."

Many people came to Fru Hennings for advice and help. I knew of a mother who sought her aid to win back a wayward daughter; of a girl who because of a passion for a married man asked for counsel, and of a man who came to beg for help in effecting a reconciliation with his wife. In addition there were scores of aspiring writers and stage-struck youngsters who came with petitions. To all Fru Hennings lent a sympathetic ear, and so far as it lay in her power, gave help.

At Christmas time she would always read to our Sunday school children some story from the works of Hans Christian Andersen. It was her only public appearance in later years, on account of her failing health. The first time I heard her give these readings was for me an unforgettable experience. Her selection was "The Little Match Girl." With restrained emotion, and in tones as clear and pure as I ever expect to hear, she read this delicate tragedy. With the magic touch of a great artist she made the world of H. C. Andersen live for us.

Fru Hennings passed away quietly on October 24, 1939, two days before her eighty-eighth birthday. At her funeral were present both the great and the humble, and floral offerings came from the newsboy who delivered her paper as well as from the Royal House and scores of others.

Sometimes I am grateful that she was spared seeing the desecration of her beautiful country which she loved so ardently by the Nazi hordes.

Bjorn Johannson before the war was pastor of the Swedenborgian church in Copenhagen

Henri Nathansen: a Danish Jew

By GEORG STRANDVOLD

IN HIS BOOK on Ferdinand Lassalle Georg Brandes described the most conspicuous characteristic of the famous German writer and agitator as *Chutspe*, a Jewish word which Brandes defined as "presence of mind, nerve, recklessness, impudence, and intrepidity." And when Henri Nathansen, in 1929, in an important work on Brandes was to sum up his impressions of his Danish fellow-Jew, he applied *Chutspe* to him, adding another Jewish term, *Chain*, that is, talent. Nathansen himself had more *Chain* than *Chutspe*.

His book on Brandes is of peculiar significance because it is self-revelatory in an unusual degree. For instance, he says somewhere in this work, having emphasized the struggles and difficulties with which Brandes had to contend: "During it all his *spirit* endured—a life without relatives, without friends, without a home, without a country—endured in the sacred groves where, with humble devotion, he loyally and faithfully worshipped mankind's most exalted heroes of integrity and humaneness. . . . In there, in the very depths of his Jewish nature, the innermost gifts and traits of his race had their origins, its thirst for freedom, its sense of justice, its love of truth; not with the cross of martyrdom in its banner but with a crown of proud and defiant challenge."

Here Nathansen pictured not only Georg Brandes, but himself as well.

For his Jewish consciousness is the very essence of everything he said and wrote, as was the case with Meir Aaron Goldschmidt, with Heine, with Lassalle, with Disraeli, indeed with Brandes; the affinity is, generally, racial rather than religious, and back of it lies the melan-

choly realization that a Jew is everywhere, as Nathansen himself has expressed it, "an alien by nature, spirit, mind, senses, temperament, nerves, and blood." This holds true even when Jews for generations have had their roots in the soil of their native country; they cannot escape the feeling of undeserved inferiority, and many of them do not even want to disclaim it.



Henri Nathansen

Nathansen, belonging to a cultured Danish Jewish family, was proud of his heritage; at the same time his plays and novels show regret that Jews are stigmatized as strangers in the midst of non-Jewish groups among whom they have lived, perhaps for centuries.

This explains the deep undertone of sadness which can be discerned between the words and lines of nearly all his works, and it becomes the dominant strain

in novels such as, for example, *Mendel Philipsen & Son*, *From the Life of Hugo David*, and dramas such as *Within the Walls*, *Daniel Hertz*, and others. In *From the Life of Hugo David*, which is, at least to some extent, autobiographical, Professor Rosen says to Hugo: "What you need is the smile, not in your being, but in your self-expression. And the most profound essence of art is the smile, often, I dare say, through tears, but behind all sorrows and trials, and through all darkness, that smile is to be seen, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in misery, sometimes mingled with glimpses of wistful scorn, often reflecting magnanimity and sympathy." And a little later, during the same conversation, Hugo confesses: "I am a Jew. All my life I have felt, once in a while in secret, at other times openly and frankly, that a Jew is what I am. Whenever I tried not to feel it, I became all the more conscious of it."

That is Nathansen himself. His hero in this book is an actor who gradually comes to the conclusion that life in the theater is a mask of deception and illusions, many steps removed from the world of reality, and that truth slips away on the slanting boards of the stage. Now, Nathansen was not an actor, but he was for some years one of the most inspiring artistic directors of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen, and not only contributed to its high reputation by his unusual skill and understanding in this capacity, but also added luster to the Danish stage with the dramas he wrote, such as *The Good Citizen*, *Daniel Hertz*, *The Garden of Dana*, *Within the Walls*, *The Affair*, and *Dr. Wahl*. Practically all these plays deal with Jewish-tinted Danish *bourgeoisie*.

Altogether, Nathansen felt deeply attached to the theater; this was evidenced by his work as artistic director, as playwright, and as theatrical biographer. In analytical books on Johannes Poulsen, Poul Reumert, and Karl Mantzius he paid tribute to outstanding actors, and in his

work on William Bloch he mirrored many of his own thoughts and reflections on the subtle art of stage direction.

Prior to the First World War the Jews in Denmark constituted a not unimportant part of the intellectual as well as the financial aristocracy of the country. It was a group with traditions behind it, endowed with a fine appreciation of the beauty of life and art, adjusting its existence not ostentatiously but in quiet harmony with certain ideals, rather delicate and tender than robust and flamboyant. In Henrik Pontoppidan's *Lucky Per* we find in Jakobe a feminine exemplification of that type. During and immediately after the First World War there was an influx of Jewish refugees from many social and intellectual strata, but it did not influence the Danish Jews of old standing.

It was as a member of one of those older and thoroughly naturalized Jewish merchant families that Henri Nathansen was born in the city of Hjørring in 1868; he travelled the usual academic route to the University of Copenhagen, where he studied law, but literature held greater fascination for him. In 1899 he published his first novel, *Summer Night*, and soon after two other novels, *The River* and *The Forbidden Fruit*. These books gave no very definite promise, but they did reveal a keen ear for the nuances of the Danish language, a certain adroitness in employing it, and some talent in contriving plots.

It was not before Nathansen in 1905 began writing his dramas that he really found himself, and for ten years he devoted his gifts and energy almost exclusively to this field. Most of his realistic plays were presented at the Royal Theater, one or two at the Dagmar Theater, then also known for its high artistic standards, and although they did not become popular in the usual broad and banal sense of that word, they were received with delight by discriminating connoisseurs.

Thus, there are four distinct stages in

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Nathansen's work: first, there were the early novels; then came the plays; then in 1917 he reverted to fiction with the massive *From the Life of Hugo David* and, in 1932, *Mendel Philipsen & Son*; in the fourth and last stage he wrote his biographical and critical evaluations of Poulsen, Reumert, Mantzius, and Bloch.

* * *

The voice of Henri Nathansen has been stilled, his facile pen has been laid aside forever. A Jew he was born; as a Jew he lived and worked; as a Jew he died, a victim of Nazi persecution. During the late summer of 1943 when Adolf Hitler, through his occupation authorities in Denmark, began to persecute the Jews of that country, hundreds of them were arrested and sent to concentration camps in Ger-

many and Poland, while others escaped to friendly and hospitable Sweden. Among those who fled was the seventy-five-year-old Henri Nathansen, and, although but meager details are known at the present writing, it seems clear that he found shelter in a hotel in Landskrona. Some time later he was informed that a very dear and close relative had been consigned to a Nazi camp, and this was too heavy a blow for the aged man: he plunged to his death from a window, seeking, like Zweig and many others of his intellectual fellow-Jews, that surcease in death which the barbarism of a modern Caligula denied him in life.

Under the circumstances, Nathansen may in Danish literature and drama become what he said Brandes was in his particular field: *the last Jew*.

*Georg Strandvold, a Dane by birth, is an associate editor of Decorah-Posten,
in Decorah, Iowa*

Denmark

BY HOLGER LUNDBERGH

SMALL IS her might, if might is brawn,
And yet she dares to fling
Her challenge at the Devil's spawn
And Satan's hireling;
Never a vassal or a pawn,
Staunch, with a metal's ring,
And faithful until freedom's dawn
To Denmark's Christian King.

Stupidity Rampant

BY AKSEL SANDEMOSE

Translated from the Norwegian by GERDA M. ANDERSEN

THAT STUPIDITY ran amuck was due, in a great measure, to the fact that race hatred was made an article of law. Of course stupidity had been used for political purposes before, but the whole thing never got really organized before the man with the Intuition and the sure touch of the sleep-walker discarded the last shred of shame which till then had prevented the full exploitation of a mean instinct. For the first time in history an open, uninhibited appeal was made to the party which is in absolute majority here below: Stupidity.

Each country probably has an equal share of stupidity in proportion to population. At one time it was considered the business of the State to keep it down. The problem is not "what we are going to do with the Germans," but to find ways and means to prevent the party of Stupidity from ever again becoming the ruling majority. For it is a naïve illusion to imagine that "it can't happen here."

I was living on a farm in Canada, in the province of Manitoba, one of the most desolate spots on earth. There were exactly three subjects to talk about: Crop forecasts, the Poles, and the godless Communism which for years had ravaged Norway. Crops, at least, could be discussed with a certain measure of expert knowledge. The myth of the ravages of Communism in Norway amounted to a sort of devil worship, and anything in the nature of a religion can not be refuted by mere facts. One might cautiously mention that Norway was a Kingdom, or refer to the Conservative governments, or inquire—even more cautiously—what Communistic measures had actually been introduced. To no avail. Norway lay crushed

and broken under the yoke of Marxism. This way of looking at things was symptomatic of the uprooted, of the feeling that one was an outsider. An emigrant who visits the old country always comes back a deeply disappointed man. He has found neither his childhood nor his young manhood the way he left them.

But the subject of Communism in Norway paled in comparison with the interest aroused by people of other nationalities and races who had settled on the prairie. One afternoon, in the fall, I simply had to get away from the farm to avoid listening to the wretched twaddle. But all this was long before Hitler was anything more than the big barker in whom no one who had a grain of sense believed. One would come across his name in the papers, followed by some sarcastic comment, and maybe a few iron-skulled farmers began having visions of "the strong man," the coming savior.

Deep down in most people race prejudice leads its subterranean existence and it is related to sinister things. In every issue *Der Stürmer* unconsciously reveals the close relation there is between race hatred and homosexuality. Without knowing it, Herr Streicher shows his true colors. Far back in classic literature too, we read of the stranger who was obliged to give his first night to the citizens of the town he entered.

I took my gun and went off. Alone on the prairie I calmed down sufficiently to be able to think things over a bit. All Central Europeans were dubbed "Galicians" and belonged to a despicable race! Even the more rational among the Scandinavian farmers had at least one objection to the "Galicians": their houses were built differently from other people's. Why

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was that? And why could they never learn to speak English correctly? Why must they always call us Swedes? For that was a name all Scandinavians had to put up with.

The farmers did not realize that the "Galicians" asked just the same questions. Why can't those Swedes build their houses the way decent people do? Why don't they learn to speak English correctly?

Neither one nor the other group knew English, really. Each person thought he spoke it fluently, but the Canadians found it a strange lingo. The Scandinavians spoke it with an accent like breakers beating against a Northern coast; the Galicians had a Slav roll to theirs. The language barrier, which is a tragedy to the immigrant, was common to both camps. People spoke fluent English, certainly—that is to say, so long as they didn't go beyond the farm or the church! It was the local lingo of the settlement, whether Norwegian, Polish, German, or Dutch. But whatever it was, it was adequate for expressing only the barest necessities. What do they mean by calling us Swedes? asked the Norwegians. And the Ukrainians scowled when they heard the word Galician. Why do the Swedes call us that?

Some persons become authors because they aren't able to accept fools simply and take advantage of them. I fled from the endless discussions, escaping to the prairie because I couldn't stand the fumes of nonsense which would rise to high heaven every time the question of race was brought up. There was no tolerance, not a particle of reason. All of these people—often excellent in other respects—went berserk if one put in a good word for a Central European. It was long till I realized that it was the urge of self-importance which made people fall into that trap. At the time I was too angry to see it. Anger puts a man in the wrong, and meanwhile stupidity and injustice (often identical) emerge victorious.

Immigrants very soon find out that

they are not regarded as first-grade people. Faced with the vast majority and self-sufficiency of the old stock, they are powerless. So they manufacture their own "pick-axe" grades of rank and distinction. After three months in Canada or in the U.S.A. a Scandinavian feels miles above a Pole. Actually, he knows nothing whatever about these people, and the contempt he indulges in can only be explained by some quirk in his own nature. The upshot of it all is: "*We* are kept down—and so we want to keep others down."

Distaste for anything *different* exists all over the world: You fear that your neighbor might fancy himself more important than you. Your feeling of inferiority subsequently may find expression in an aggressive attitude, sexually accented. The imagined gap between you and your neighbor is bridged, cancelled out, by some act of violence, something like the urge you feel to jump out from a great height as a sort of protest against the abyss.

The cunning person (not the intelligent one) who wishes to rise to the top on Stupidity run amuck will leave it to the underlings to keep each other down. He who wants to rule at any cost incites those he has fooled to fly at each others' throats. What knowledge did a private in Hitler's *Sturmabteilungen* have of the Jews? Poor devil!

But at the time when so frequently I had to seek refuge on the prairie from the discussions about Marxism in Norway and inferior peoples, Hitler was not yet at the helm in Germany, and I, for one, had not expected him to get so far. I would roam the fields with Jim, the farm dog. We were fast friends. He wasn't much of a hunter; still, he managed to be quite useful on flat stretches. Jim would run about sniffing right and left, as dogs will. If he strayed out of range I would call him and give him a lump of sugar when he came back, to train him in the habit. Once in a while he would flush a prairiehen or rout out a hare for me and I would

bring them down. Sometimes he would take the hare for himself.

In some places the prairie is completely flat, but generally it is slightly undulating. One day I saw Jim make a sudden rush for a small hillock, barking furiously. I stepped to one side and saw a man jump up and take to his heels to reach his horse. He had just managed to swing himself into the saddle when Jim came up. The horse was very nervous and Jim performed a frantic dance around it. The man seized his gun and aimed at Jim who darted away and hid in the tall grass. Jim was not a brave dog. He had sensed that the man meant business. I called out and ran in the direction of the horseman, somewhat annoyed. I couldn't see there had been any reason to shoot at the dog when the man was already safe on his horse. I stopped dead, however, when he lifted his gun once more, certainly with the intention of sending a load of shot into me too. He evidently thought better of it, though, spurred his horse, turned round and disappeared. Jim came out from his hiding place and yelped after him.

The man was a Ukrainian whom I had seen off and on in the neighborhood of the depot. He lived somewhere near.

A little later Jim flushed a brace of prairie-chickens and I forgot about the Ukrainian. As it happened, I never mentioned the incident on the farm, and simply forgot all about it.

Jim was a peaceable beast. He and I were friends. Certainly it would never have occurred to me that I was to be the next person he flew at. But that was what happened.

I was walking up from the depot to the farm, filled with the gratifying sense of importance which comes from wearing a new pair of boots. Fine boots they were too, with heavy soles, and after the usual bargaining I had acquired them at a fair price. Jim came at me across the field, in a bee-line—he was eager to meet me! Swift as an arrow he came....

How could I know that Jim came like that intent upon killing me.

It was an ugly fight. An attempt on your life by someone you thought was your friend is as dangerous as it is loathsome. One refuses to believe it. Even in the heat of battle you try to conjure up some explanation. It must be some horrible practical joke . . . no harm is intended . . . surely there must be some mistake . . . and then, all of a sudden, you have to face facts. Here I am being attacked by someone I trusted and whom I have never given cause for such conduct . . . but no, how can it be? . . . I put all I've got into the fight; yet a doubt lingers . . . there has been no declaration of war . . . a friend does not change overnight like that. When all is said and done, perhaps at the very last minute the whole affair will turn out to be a sort of joke. . . . Well, well, when it is all over I shall certainly let him know that I didn't relish it a bit. . . .

But then things take a really serious turn. You are thrown to the ground. There is blood. And you receive yet another blow for good measure. Now you get fighting mad. The former friend will discover that he has stirred up something he had better have left alone. It is no longer a matter of defense, but of grief, disappointment, revenge, a vision of blood which may end in anything . . . just so somebody gets killed, no matter who.

After twenty years the friend still hasn't heard the last of the story; it is hashed and rehashed, and finally he comes to believe that *he* is the eternally persecuted and the innocent victim of aggression. In a way he is right, for as the years slip by, any reasonable relation between the act of aggression and the punishment disappears. But wait, maybe it only *seems* so. . . . He forgets that something else besides the aggression *per se* called for revenge! He forgets that he bared to the gaze of his friend Stupidity's innermost core: treachery and deceit.

The snow was bloody and trampled

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where Jim and I ended our friendship. He got off more easily than I. He had long fangs. I had nothing but my two fists. But I clutched at my mad friend's throat, squeezing it frantically. The eyes of the beast bulged from their sockets. The farmer came running up and tied Jim's hindlegs. Both the farmer and I were at a complete loss to understand what had happened. For a moment we thought it might be rabies, and I didn't like the wounds left by his fangs. But on second thought it didn't look like rabies. Jim lay down, crouching with every sign of being thoroughly ashamed of himself. He went on being ashamed, and on several occasions I feared that precisely this sense of shame might make him attack me again. He didn't, but I was always careful to avoid him, and it meant the end of our friendship. Jim never greeted me again; just scowled at me sullenly, like a tame prairie wolf.

In the kitchen they cleansed my wounds with iodine and dressed them. And it was in the kitchen that I got the explanation. For while I was enjoying a cup of coffee after the scare, I showed them the new boots I had just bought. Jim had sunk his teeth in them and there were slight wounds on my feet.

All of a sudden the farmer had everything clear in his mind! You bought those boots from the Galician!

Yes—what of it?

The Scandinavians, as a rule, did not trade there. They had ways of making the man feel their contempt. Well, well, so Jim was *that* clever! What a dog. He smelled the Galician the minute you appeared in those boots! Fine doggie!

I could see the point, but I was still at sea. People began boasting Jim till the air fairly reeked with it. Now then, wasn't it clear that *something* was wrong with those Galicians? Even an innocent beast sensed it.

I slipped out and took a look at myself in a mirror. Now Jim had suddenly become the exponent of the Master Race

instinct, while I represented an inferior race. But wasn't Jim a mongrel? Hadn't his forebears wallowed in dirt with every creature that had even a faint resemblance to a dog? Wasn't I his exact opposite? I am fair and above medium height, my passport states. I am an Aryan, Class A, Section I. I am more Aryan than all Germany's rulers since 1926 put together.

I listened. They went on praising Jim till there wasn't a good word left for any other creature for miles around. I got a strong impression that these people were running amuck, much more so than Jim, who had probably never grasped why the farmer didn't want me liquidated. Jim was like an S.A. private who had done his duty, and got a hiding for it.

They had planted their own prejudices in Jim, but with his nature he could never become anything but a hangman. Now they gabbed about intelligence and instinct and the voice of the blood, as if Jim owed his existence to some smart stroke of genius in the marriage bed!

For the sake of discipline the farmer had to flog Jim. He howled miserably and probably became more confused in his mind than ever. Until he was made to feel it in his own flesh and bones, Jim—along with others—had not realized that, sooner or later, a June Thirtieth was bound to come.

And so I may close as I began: Nazism is Stupidity run amuck. Imposing race hatred by law is irrefutable proof thereof. There is a great deal of talk back and forth of what we are to do with the Germans. One might put the question: Should Jim have been shot? Well, if one has ruined a dog it may be expedient to shoot him. But it hasn't much to do with justice.

Each country probably has an equal share of Stupidity in proportion to population. The problem is not what should be done with the Germans. The problem is to find a way of preventing some new Exploiter of Stupidity from once again ruining all the Jims and then making them the dominant party which runs the State.

Two Poems of Today

BY GUNNAR REISS-ANDERSEN

Translated from the Norwegian by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

GRACE BEFORE MEAT IN WARTIME

I THANK YOU, God, for the daily bread
That in direst hunger keeps us fed.

I thank You for the hard-won fare.
When the belly, if not the heart, can bear
No more. Your ever-sustaining arm
Keeps thought still watchful and anger warm.

Thanks that the foe is fat and fresh
On what he has filched of our fish and flesh.
Thanks in the name of freedom bright
For the griping lack of our evil plight.

Thanks—but I curse as well at this—
For the pipe tobacco I sorely miss.
Thanks, though I say it to my shame,
That You brace my courage without a dram.

Thanks. For a vision appears to me
In the midst of my wrath and misery,
A glimpse of the worst that may come: a folk
That battens under the tyrant's yoke.

I see such a folk as that, in thrall,
Like cattle locked up in a well-filled stall,
A herd of grunting pigs in a pen,
As meek as sheep to the shearing men.

Like spiritless horses, overfed,
They plod at the plough with eyes gone dead.
I see them scurry like fowls in strife,
Cackling for corn to the farmer's wife.

And though I'm surely one of the worst
At playing here in hunger and thirst,
I still give thanks that our starving band
Are not as the slaves of Goshen land.

In freedom's name I give thanks our foes
Are greedy as kites and carrion crows.
So we do not pray, "Ah, spare us, Lord!"
But rejoice at the dearth of our simple board.

I thank You, God, for my scanty food,
That speaks Your high language of hardihood.

WHEN THEY TOOK AWAY OUR RADIOS

NORWAY NOW is hushed and dumb,
Not a voice to guide us,
Not a message now can come
From the world outside us.
Such the ends our foemen sought:
Stop the word and choke the thought.

But, with spoken words denied,
We with deeper cunning
Heard the pulse of freedom's tide
Through our heart-break running.
Ancient voices doubly strong
Spoke to us from saga song.

Precious, ever-living power,
You can much avail us
In this drear and desolate hour,
Though the wireless fail us,
You can spin a mighty thread,
White and blue and flaming red.

Freedom, let your sender call,
Bid your liegemen rally,
Speed a broadcast to us all
Over hill and valley!
Pregnant news for us to share
Even now is in the air.

"Norway folk, hello, hello!"
Freedom's voice is ringing.
Are we faithful, she would know,
Eager questions flinging.
In the silence, soft yet clear,
"Are you still awake?" we hear.

"Did they take your radios?
 Hark with what you've got here.
 Spite of all his boast, the foe's
 In an awkward spot here.
 Germans, Germans, have a care!
 Hello, Norsemen, are you there?"

Doughty is the foeman's horde
 But they dread a rumor,
 And for fighting word with word
 Giants have no humor.
 Ha! the day is near, they feel,
 When it will be steel with steel.

Norway now is hushed and dumb,
 Silent seems the land now,
 But the hid antennae hum
 Over cliff and strand now,—
 Norway's naked nerves a-thrill
 To the fierce throb of her will.



THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



SWEDISH BALL BEARINGS have been exported to England via small, fast British merchant ships ever since the autumn of 1943. The first announcement came on July 18 from the British Ministry of War Transport,

and it was quickly confirmed in all Swedish newspapers. Many of them contained lengthy reports from the west coast city of Lysekil, north of Gothenburg, from which harbor this export has taken place. The first British vessel to appear was the *Gay Viking* which made port in October 1943, carefully guarded by some forty State policemen. The press was asked not to print any stories about the arrival of the boat or the purpose of its visit, and this request was respected. It was surmised, however, that the ship had come to load ball bearings and ball bearing steel. The news soon reached the Germans, and the Königsberg radio a few days later reported that British warships were lying in the harbor of Lysekil.

After a while other boats arrived. Generally they came in twos, and soon the traffic settled down to a regular shuttle service which kept up during the entire dark season. All this time only one vessel was lost. The loading capacity of each boat was said to be between 50 and 100 tons and the speed from 30 to 40 knots, making it possible to clear the mine-infested water of the Skagerrak in ten to twelve hours. Swedish naval vessels escorted the British boats while in Swedish waters. During their stay in Lysekil, the crews were comfortably quartered in the main hotel of the town. They were treated in the most hospitable way, and were often taken to the movies.

Commenting on this traffic, *Dagens*

Nyheter wrote editorially: "Although only a narrow avenue for the export of Swedish goods has been opened for a limited time, thanks to British enterprise—and none at all for imports—there is every reason to greet the successful experiment with satisfaction, and we hope that the day is not far distant when a more normal trade westward is possible. It is reasonable to assume," the paper continued, "that it is chiefly ball bearings that have gone this way. This ought to help to make British public opinion realize that Sweden's ball bearing export to the belligerents is not such a one-sided Swedish-German affair as it was made out to be by Allied propaganda."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END, was the title of an editorial appearing in *Svenska Morgonbladet* of Stockholm, commenting upon the attempted assassination of Adolf Hitler. Recent events give a strong indication, according to this newspaper, that Hitler is no longer able to master the situation. The Allied victories have caused a domestic crisis in Germany, and this crisis, in turn, furthers new Allied victories. The oppressed nations, continued *Morgonbladet*, will redouble their efforts to throw off the yoke of Nazism. Even if Hitler is able at this time to suppress the revolt, new forces will rise against him. "What has happened is only a long awaited omen," the editorial concluded. *Stockholms-Tidningen* looked for civil war, while *Dagens Nyheter* pointed out the gulf that exists between the desperate Nazis, determined to sacrifice their country rather than their own positions, and those who realize the hopelessness of continuing the struggle. Not even the Nazi secret police will be able to prevent the occurrence of violent explosions which will be beyond the expectations of all Nazi Germany's enemies, the paper ended. On the other hand, in an editorial

captioned "Precipitate Optimism" a few days later, the leading Labor organ in the country, *Morgontidningen*, on July 24 warned against premature peace optimism from the recent developments in Germany. It pointed out what was already then apparent that the Nazi party had conquered, at least temporarily, those generals who in Hitler's death saw a way to avoid complete defeat.

THE DEFiance OF THE GERMAN troops of occupation by the people of Denmark has greatly impressed the Swedish public. "None of the occupied countries have borne their fate with such a dignified composure or such superior self-control as the Danes," wrote *Stockholms-Tidningen* on July 4. "To the very last they decided to ignore the invaders, but when the Germans tried to incorporate their country in the New Order, their adjustability vanished. It can be said that this is the first time the population of an occupied city has risen against the Germans." *Sydsvenska Dagbladet* of Malmö wrote: "The Germans still have the power to occupy buildings and fire at civilians, yet they have every reason to fear future developments. A nation of unarmed people who dare to attack their masters despite guns and bombs can undoubtedly be convinced that the final victory is theirs."

PRIME MINISTER PER ALBIN HANSSON speaking at Vattholma, in Uppland, on July 2, said that while recent events in Finland had been tragic, Sweden still had an undiminished interest in the preservation of an independent and free Finland. "It is still a neighbor country to which we are tied by historic, cultural, and economic bonds," he said. "While our official relations are naturally unaffected by what has happened, it is hardly avoidable that our contacts will become harsher." Commenting on this address, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* wrote on July 4 that "when the Swedish Prime Minister so frankly

discusses Finland's future, his words must be interpreted to mean that neither the Swedish Government nor the Swedish people believe that the fatal decision of the Government in Helsinki is irrevocable. On the contrary, his words indicate that in the future, too, Sweden intends to contribute, as far as circumstances permit, to a reasonable peace for our unfortunate neighbor."

An agreement was reached in the beginning of July between Swedish authorities and Aleksi Aaltonen, Finnish Minister of Social Welfare, who was then in Stockholm, for the transfer of 15,000 Finnish children from the Karelian isthmus. (There are already more than 30,000 Finnish children in Sweden.) They will first be quartered in schools and army barracks until accommodations can be found for them in Swedish private homes. On July 22 it was announced that the first contingent had arrived in Sweden, and that by the end of August some 6,000 children would have been transferred.

1,500 NORWEGIANS are being trained at Gottröra Camp, north of Stockholm, as policemen for postwar duties in Norway. The camp was visited July 7 by Gustav Möller, Swedish Minister of Social Welfare, Thorwald Bergquist, Minister of Justice, and high military and police officials. The men paraded before the visitors, and Mr. Möller expressed his satisfaction that such instruction could be given in Sweden. He also voiced the hope and conviction that the work of the future police officers would be a great contribution toward restoring order and justice in Norway after the lawlessness of recent years.

AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES and Liberator bombers have made forced landings in such large numbers that the American Legation in Stockholm in June inquired of the Swedish Foreign Office whether such planes could not be treated on the same basis as naval ves-

sels, allowed to make their own repairs, and then depart within forty-eight hours. The Swedish answer was that foreign war planes having made forced landings must be interned until the end of the war, as there are no international regulations in regard to aircraft on which it would be possible to fall back, and such permission would therefore constitute a breach of neutrality. Furthermore, if Sweden should give her consent, she would be unable to prevent her territory from being used as a base by both sides in the war. It was stressed in Stockholm at the time that there had been only an exchange of views and no official representation on this subject.

To the question, "Do you consider Sweden has been right in trying to keep neutral in this war?" submitted by the Swedish Gallup poll, 96 percent answered yes, 1 percent no, while 3 percent were undecided.

SWEDEN'S IMPORTS in June were valued at 162,000,000 kronor, as compared to 147,000,000 kronor in June, 1943. The value of exports was 84,000,000 kronor, against 132,000,000 kronor the year before, or a decrease of about 35 percent. Minerals, forest products, and machinery showed the largest drop. During the first half of this year the total imports were valued at 932,000,000 kronor and exports at 399,000,000 kronor. Corresponding figures for 1943 were 883,000,000 kronor and 590,000,000 kronor.

The manufacture of neoprene rubber in Sweden on an industrial scale was begun in June at the Ljungaverk plant in the province of Medelpad. The process used is that invented by the Swedish scientist and Nobel Prize winner, Professor The Svedberg. From this product the Viskafors rubber works, in Småland, is now able to turn out vulcanized rubber.

At the end of 1944 the total capacity

of the Swedish water power plants will be 2,500,000 kilowatt and the annual output 12,500,000,000 kilowatt hours, which means that one-third of the total water power resources will be utilized.

During the first half of 1944, thirty-four safe conduct vessels have arrived in Gothenburg from overseas, carrying a total cargo of 228,000 tons, of which 60,000 tons consisted of oil for the defense forces. During the first six months of 1943, 152,000 tons of goods were imported via the safe conduct traffic.

KERSTIN HESSELGREN, the grand old lady of the Swedish Riksdag, decided recently to retire from public life. She was the first woman to be elected to the Riksdag, in 1921. From 1912 to 1934 she served as Sweden's first woman factory inspector. She has also been a delegate from Sweden at many international conferences at which social welfare matters were discussed. "She will be missed," wrote *Dagens Nyheter*, adding, "In many ways she will be impossible to replace."

Harry Eriksson, Commercial Counselor at the Legation in Washington, was appointed Minister to Pretoria, Union of South Africa. He will be the first occupant of this post. Sven Dahlman, First Secretary of the Legation in Washington, was made Counselor at the same Legation. John Setterwall, head of the Foreign Office Inheritance and Compensation Bureau, was made Consul in San Francisco. He served as Vice Consul in New York from 1926 to 1928. Count Gustaf Bonde, Secretary of the Foreign Office, was appointed First Secretary of the Legation in Washington. Second Vice Consul at the Consulate in Minneapolis, Reinhold Reuterswärd, was transferred to the Foreign Office. His post is temporarily filled by Sven E. Backlund, attaché at the Legation in Washington.



DENMARK

THE ORGANIZED UNDERGROUND resistance in Denmark spread during the later part of June and the beginning of July with unprecedented fury and grew into an open revolt by all ranks of the people. The Danes thus became the first of the German-occupied nations in Europe to stage a total rebellion against the tyrants. They coined a new phrase and added a new and dangerous weapon to the arsenal of the United Nations in the fight against the Germans: the People's Strike.

Late in April, the German Minister to Denmark, Dr. Werner Best, had threatened to crush the Danish Underground and to take and execute hostages if the sabotage which seriously hindered the German war production in Denmark was not brought to an end. Mass arrests of innocent people began, and three Danes were executed as hostages while others were being murdered, either by the German Gestapo or by the notorious Schalburg Corps, whose members in the main have been recruited among Danish ex-convicts and criminals or from the German minority in Slesvig.

NEITHER GERMAN THREATS nor promises, however, have at any time been able to stop or minimize the mounting Danish resistance. During May alone, the Danish saboteurs successfully conducted more than fifty attacks on German installations and Danish factories working for the German Army, and the sabotage actions kept on growing in number and efficiency during the month of June. The sabotage hardly ever results in loss of human lives.

On June 6, fifty Danish patriots stormed the Globus Factory, a short distance outside of Copenhagen proper, which was making parts for the German Luftwaffe. The plant was completely

destroyed and the damage estimated at 2,500,000 Kroner. A number of Danes who the same day had heard the news of the Allied invasion of France gathered outside the factory and greeted the saboteurs with enthusiastic cheers when they drove away in their cars. Later in June other important factories were destroyed by the saboteurs, and more hostages were executed by the Germans.

The sabotage culminated on June 22, when seventy to eighty armed patriots attacked the great Danish armament factory, the Danish Recoil-Rifle Syndicate, located in the Free Port of Copenhagen. During the occupation this plant has been forced to produce and repair guns and machine guns for the Germans to a value of 65,000 Kroner a day.

The Danish patriots, disguised as ordinary workers, arrived at the plant in three great trucks, and overpowered the guards. The workers were ordered down into the shelters, and 15 TNT bombs destroyed the plant completely. All that is left of this important factory is the blackened ruins of the walls. The Germans will get no more guns from this plant.

Early the next morning came the first German answer, the execution of eight Danish hostages in Jutland, and later in the day the Germans established a military tribunal for the island of Sjælland in order to make possible a speedy prosecution of cases arising from "criminal actions by the Copenhagen underworld."

FROM OLDE TIMES the Danish people have celebrated Midsummer Night with huge bonfires that could be seen along the coasts and from hilltop to hilltop throughout the country. Bonfires had been planned along the coasts of the Sound between Denmark and Sweden, but these and all other celebrations were forbidden by the Germans as a punishment for the patriots' attack on the armament plant.

Shortly before midnight on June 23,

however, thousands of Danes congregated in Raadhuspladsen outside of the Dagmarhus where the Gestapo has its headquarters. Suddenly, at the stroke of 12, two hundred rockets sailed up against the light summer sky over Copenhagen followed by an ear-splitting detonation. According to reports from eyewitnesses, their explosion was so powerful that it sounded as if all of Copenhagen had been blown up, and the sky was bright as day. At the same time more than ten thousand handbills were distributed, paying homage to the eight Danes who had been murdered by the Germans the same morning and solemnly promising that, for every Danish patriot the Germans kill, ten new men will arise to take his place. The handbill also brought a greeting from the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces: "Congratulations to Danish Saboteurs," and an Order of the Day issued by the Danish Freedom Council, which said: "We regard the fearless fight of the Danish patriots as proof that, when the final battle is to begin against the oppressors of our country, all of the people of Denmark will be ready to solve the tasks that are awaiting us in cooperation with the active patriots."

COMPLETE PANIC was the first reaction of the Germans to the rocket-bombardment. They probably believed that the Allies had begun an invasion of Copenhagen. But when they realized that they had been the victims of a practical joke, the soldiers were ordered to fire on the civilians in the square. The shooting continued for several hours, and later in the night the Schalburg Corps started action. They attacked the headquarters of the Danish Conservative Party—Borgernes Hus—and the Student Colleges of Copenhagen University—Studentergaarden. Shortly before 2 a.m. the Schalburg Corps "schalburgtaged" Tivoli, the famous and beloved Danish amusement park in the center of Copenhagen.

No other capital in the world has a park like Tivoli in the very heart of the city, where people of all classes, from the poorest to the richest, could meet and promenade in the shade of the beautiful old trees or under myriads of colored lanterns at night. People from all over the world have visited Tivoli, have had a glass of beer or a wonderful dinner served to the accompaniment of the flashing fountains and the open air orchestras and bands. Famous artists, singers, and circus people have performed in Tivoli; the best conductors have directed the splendid orchestra in the beautiful Concert Hall which now has been wantonly destroyed, together with the Crystal Hall, and the great restaurant and dancing establishment Arena.

TIVOLI WAS FOUNDED in the early part of the last century by royal decree, and when the founder, Georg Carstensen, came to King Frederik VII and asked for an extension of the grant to operate Tivoli, good old King Frederik, who also granted the Danish people a free Constitution, answered with a smile: "Why, certainly, as long as the people have their Tivoli there will be no revolution in this country." And on June 5, 1849, when he signed the Danish Constitution, King Frederik VII said to his people who had gathered outside of the royal castle: "Good night, my dear children, go home now and take your wives and children with you to Tivoli. Have a good time." And so they did, to celebrate the first Danish Constitution Day.

There is not a child in Denmark who has not at some time or other been on a visit to Tivoli, and for the Danish people it has memories and traditions that make it one of the most treasured spots in the country.

THE PEOPLE'S STRIKE that followed may well have been precipitated by the destruction of their beloved Tivoli. The

following day the Germans issued a series of new rules and regulations, fixing curfew from 8 in the evening to 5 in the morning, forbidding all meetings, indoors or outdoors, proclaiming that gatherings of more than five people in the streets would be shot at, and establishing general military control of the city. Eight more hostages were murdered in the Citadel.

Monday, June 26, the general strike began in Copenhagen after German patrols throughout Sunday had killed seven and wounded more than fifty persons in the capital. Monday afternoon the men at the Burmeister and Wain shipbuilding yards stopped work and sent a note to the German Minister informing him that they were forced to take the afternoons off for the duration of the curfew in order to care for their Victory gardens and to have time to stand in line outside the shops to buy food, etc. In the evening the people remained in the streets in defiance of the German curfew. Barricades were thrown up, and bonfires were lighted. The following day thousands of more workers went on strike, while German patrols were shooting at people in the streets and more barricades were erected. On Wednesday new disorders broke out and fourteen Danes were killed. Life-size dolls dressed as caricatures of Hitler were burned in the streets; street cars and automobiles were overturned and used as barricades flying the United Nations' flags, including the American, the British, and the Russian alongside of the Dannebrog. Day by day, the strike spread to all activities in Copenhagen, stores, banks, post offices, and street cars, while all telephone and telegraph personnel went on strike. On June 30 the workers and the officials of the Danish State Railways went on strike; the newspapers could not be printed; most restaurants were closed; the bakers went home, and battles were reported in the streets of Copenhagen. The Germans closed all traffic in and out of the capital and sent

low-flying fighter planes down over the city, spraying the streets with a rain of machine gun bullets.

By July 3 the Germans, in a vain attempt to starve the people into submission, had closed down all electric plants and water works, and had stopped the delivery of milk and foodstuffs. The German siege of Copenhagen 1944 had begun.

The Danish People's strike came with the suddenness of a spontaneous combustion and overwhelmed the Germans completely. They appealed to the leading politicians—who after August 29 last year have been without authority—and asked them to try to stop the strike. The Danish Underground movement, which is consolidated in the Danish Freedom Council, tried to gain control of the general strike, but the leaders are, for obvious reasons, anonymous and not known to the people. The Danish Freedom Council, however, issued an ultimatum to the Germans demanding that the siege of Copenhagen be lifted, the curfew cut from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m., that the public utilities, gas, water, and electricity be restored, and, last but not least, that the hated Schalburg Corps be removed from Denmark.

The Germans found themselves obliged to accept the conditions of the ultimatum, and this was done in a public declaration dated July 3. By that time, however, the strike had spread to at least ten more Danish towns, and it took several days before the workers returned to their jobs.

It is reported from Denmark that the Schalburg Corps was ordered to Ringsted on Sjælland and that it would be sent either to police service in Yugoslavia or to active service on the Russian front. Later reports state, however, that the corps is back in Copenhagen, and that the Germans with its help are beginning to round up Danish workers who participated in the strike. If this is the case, it is still another example of the axiom that you can't do business with the Germans.

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THE EVENTS OF THE DANISH PEOPLE'S Strike against the Germans have been widely reported and discussed in the press throughout the free world, and the quintessence of the comments seems to be that the Danish people have won a brilliant victory over the Germans—a victory won practically with their bare hands. The losses, however, have been heavy.

During the strike, the Danish Student Intelligence Service distributed seven handbills printed in more than 75,000 copies. The Danish Freedom Council has gained considerable prestige by its efficiency in keeping the population throughout the country well informed of the daily developments, and by presenting the demands of the people with firmness and wisdom.

On July 12, upon the request of the Freedom Council, two minutes of silence was observed throughout the country in tribute to those who gave their lives during the People's Strike. Handbills distributed during the night declared: "United we fought, and united we are returning to our daily tasks, now that we have secured our victory. Let us today with two minutes of silence at high noon once more show the Germans our solidarity, and honor those who gave their lives in the struggle."

At the stroke of twelve from the bells in the tower of the Town Hall, all traffic stopped—trucks, bicycles, street cars, pedestrians—in silence; all stood at attention, in the streets and in offices.

Even a truck full of German soldiers, with a Danish driver, stopped on Langebro, leading from Copenhagen to the island of Amager, while the Germans threatened to shoot the driver. At several places in the capital the people placed flowers and wreaths where Danes had been murdered.

THE DANISH REVOLT won considerable recognition in the camp of the United

Nations. Secretary of State Cordell Hull issued a declaration dated July 12, in which he said: "Recent events in Denmark have again proven that the spirit of freedom cannot be crushed in a people determined to uphold their liberties. The Danes have steadfastly opposed the attempts by the Germans to establish a 'model protectorate' in what once was and will again be a free and sovereign country. Their stand, inspired by leaders within and without Denmark, associates them with the peoples of the other countries who firmly resist the German oppressors and whose conduct sets an example to the peoples of other lands whose craven leaders succumbed to the false promises of the Nazis. There is no Danish Government which can give expression to the feelings of Denmark by adhering to the United Nations Declaration. We recognize, however, that the Danish people have placed themselves side by side with the peoples of the United Nations and like them are determined to contribute to the common struggle for victory over Nazism and for the attainment of the aims of the Atlantic Charter."

On the same day Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden declared in Parliament in London: "Denmark is a country occupied by the enemy, whose King considers himself a German prisoner, and whose Government has ceased functioning since last August. It is therefore at present not possible for Denmark formally to declare war—to become formally belligerent—and to join the United Nations, but it is clear that the Danish people believe in the same ideals as the United Nations. Many Danes are active in the ranks of the United Nations fighting for the liberation of their country, and within Denmark an ever mounting active resistance is contributing more and more to the common fight against the Axis. . . . The valuable contribution that is being rendered by the Danish Freedom Council

and by all who are active in the Danish resistance is highly recognized by His Majesty's Government."

The Soviet Government has also given expression to its recognition of the Danish resistance as a contribution to the common fight against Germany, by accepting the former director of the public libraries in Denmark, Thomas Dössing, as Ambassador of the Danish Freedom Council to Moscow.

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE hit Denmark, when a German ammunition ship exploded on July 4 in the harbor of Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city. The destruction was as cataclysmic as the great explosion in Halifax during the First World War, when most of that town was destroyed. The *New York Times* reported that the explosion took place at 1:50 p.m. and that fear of more explosions made the Germans keep Aarhus in a state of alarm for five hours. The detonations from the exploding ammunition could be heard twenty-five miles away. One of the Danish doctors who participated in the first Russo-Finnish war stated afterwards that he had never witnessed anything like the horror that reigned in Aarhus. Everywhere you saw mutilated corpses and severely wounded people. Many horses and wagons were thrown clear into the harbor, where they floated among corpses. The reason for the terrific effect of the explosion is said to have been that huge warehouses along the piers were filled with heavy caliber shells for the German guns. More than one thousand houses were completely destroyed and many more damaged. Hundreds of unexploded shells were found all over town—fifty alone at the railroad station and fifty others near the public electric works. Thirty-three Danes were killed, 50 seriously wounded, while 181 others received minor wounds. Several more Germans were killed. A German officer is said to have declared that the

accident was caused by a shell falling out of a loading net.

THE KINGDOM OF ICELAND, by declaring itself a republic, dethroned King Christian X, through whom the country had been united with Denmark in a personal union, according to the Union Act of 1918.

Before the plebiscite the King had warned the Icelandic people against severing their relations with Denmark before proper negotiations, as called for in said Union Act, could take place. The King declared that a severance at the present moment under the prevailing conditions might be harmful to the future brotherly relations between the two peoples.

Faced with the *fait accompli*, however, the King sent a message to Iceland on her day of independence expressing the hope that the ties of friendship between Iceland and the other Scandinavian countries would be strengthened in the future.

Iceland's unilateral decision to break away from Denmark during the war was received calmly by the Danish people, who have their hands sufficiently full with their struggle against the Germans. But an editorial in the Danish paper, *Aarhus Stiftstidende*, gives an impression of the feeling in Denmark. The paper wrote on May 30 as follows: "The Danes cannot but accept Iceland's decision. But to be truthful, it must be said that very few people in Denmark are able to comprehend the haste and the lack of consideration shown by Iceland in this matter. The Icelandic people knew that not one Dane would ever, in any way, stand against Iceland in her desire for a separation from Denmark. Nobody in Denmark would ever think of interfering in what the Icelanders say, think, write, or read. But we find it difficult in our own minds to forget the lack of consideration that has been shown our aged and beloved King. Now this sorrow has been added to the

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already heavy burden he has to carry. Our farewell to Iceland, therefore, can be neither as heartfelt nor as happy as it might have been."

HIS EXCELLENCY HENRIK DE KAUFFMANN, Danish Minister to Washington, participated as observer for Denmark in the United Nations Monetary and Financial Conference that took place at Bretton Woods in July. The conference closed after having made concrete plans for the establishment of an international bank and a stabilization fund for post-war reconstruction. On the suggestion of Minister Kauffmann the conference decided to include Denmark among those countries which stand as charter members of the bank and the fund.



ICELAND

ON JUNE SEVENTEENTH Iceland declared itself a Republic after a popular Referendum. An American observer, Dr. Harvey Arnason, of the O.W.I. described the enthusiasm of the people in a speech he gave at the Republican Celebration of the Icelanders in New York on June 17: "One of the days of the referendum I made a journey somewhat farther inland than Thingvellir. On the road there was nearly an uninterrupted stream of cars, all of them decorated by flags. On the bridle-paths alongside the highway, the farmers, accompanied by their wives, children and servants rode their best horses. From everywhere people streamed to the voting booths. Somehow it reminded me of the Crusades of the Middle Ages. The thoughts and mind of the nation concentrated on one purpose. In Iceland I could see before my very eyes, how the common enthusiasm of the people melted it together into a single unit."

THE ALTHING on June 16 unanimously voted for the abrogation of the Treaty of Union and for the adoption of the Republican Constitution, to come into effect the following day, which was the birthday of Jón Sigurdsson, the great leader in the struggle for independence. The meeting of the Althing on June 17 took place at Thingvellir and was held in the open air, as of old. At 1:30 p.m. the celebration opened with a prayer by the Bishop of Iceland, Dr. Sigurgeir Sigurdsson, followed by the singing of two hymns.

The President of the Althing thereupon read a declaration to the effect that the Icelandic Republic had been re-established, to which declaration everybody listened standing and with uncovered heads. As soon as he had spoken these words, the Icelandic flag was hoisted all over the country and churchbells pealed from every church in Iceland.

The Althing thereupon proceeded to elect a President. As was expected, the Honorable Sveinn Björnsson was chosen, and this result was greeted with a tremendous ovation from the scores of thousands present. As the Constitution, which had come into effect a few minutes before, stipulates that the President shall be elected by popular vote, he was this time chosen for only a year instead of four years, as will be the rule in the future. After a short address by the new President of Iceland, the meeting of the Althing was adjourned.

At six o'clock in the afternoon the President held his first State Council. Among the Acts signed was one on Iceland's flag and coat-of-arms. The President also issued new credentials for the diplomatic and consular representatives of the country.

In the afternoon there were various sport exhibitions, choir singing, and community singing.

The celebrations continued in Reykjavik on June 18. The greatest procession ever seen in Iceland collected in front

of the University and paraded through town. It was led by several thousand children with flags, followed by the youth organizations of the capital and practically every other society in Reykjavik, carrying their banners and the national flag. The new President accepted their greetings from the balcony of the Parliament building and gave an address, which was followed by speeches by one representative of each political party.

Apart from the main celebration, practically every community in Iceland had a Republican festival. At the birthplace of Jón Sigurdsson thousands assembled, and here Professor Sigurdur Nordal gave one of his great speeches.

Icelanders abroad also celebrated this great day in Icelandic history both in Europe and in America. The largest of these gatherings was probably in New York, where 270 Icelanders and Americans of Icelandic descent congregated at a banquet.



NORWAY'S PATRIOTIC HOME FRONT continued during the last quarter its determined resistance to the German occupational authorities, giving the Nazi enemy no end of trouble, despite arrests, torture, concentration camps, and executions. News of the successful prosecution of the war by the military forces of the Allies on all fronts in Europe and on the Pacific Ocean has cheered the Norwegian underground forces and steeled the patriots to continue the fight against the German enemy with every means at their command.

The now rapidly crumbling power of the Wehrmacht has had its repercussions in occupied Norway just as it has had in Denmark, Holland, and the other Nazi-dominated nations in Europe. Fortunately the Norwegian underground fighters are

kept well informed of all important events in the outside world by means of an elaborate "grapevine" system of communication from overseas and from Sweden, the efficiency of which has well-nigh reached perfection. During more than four years of enemy occupation, every attempt to destroy it has met with dismal failure.

The brutality of the Gestapo, whose agents are constantly on the alert to ferret out hiding-places of the patriots, and the torture and executions of those the German man-hunters have been able to catch, have failed to reduce the number of sabotage acts. And the sufferings of those executed or incarcerated in concentration camps have resulted in an increase rather than a decrease in the total number of active patriots throughout the country. It is obvious that the greater the danger, the brighter burns the flame of patriotic fervor for Norway's liberation from Nazi slavery. For every one executed, ten flock to the standard of the patriots.

THE SUCCESSION OF GERMAN DEFEATS by the magnificent fighting power of the Red Army, coincident with the attempt by top-flight German officers on Hitler's life, has had its effect on the German officers commanding the enemy occupational forces in Norway—from General Falkenhorst down the line to colonels, lieutenants, and even to the common soldiers. A recent report from Norway revealed that General Falkenhorst appeared to have had advance knowledge of the widespread Junker-officer conspiracy in the German Army against Hitler. Some believe that Falkenhorst and other German officers in Norway may have been involved in the conspiracy, but Falkenhorst discreetly refrained from comment.

IN ADDITION TO THE VICTORIES of the Soviet armies over Hitler's forces, the successful invasion of Normandy by the combined American and British fighting

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battalions served as a powerful source of inspiration to the Norwegian underground fighters. Those tidings came as heartening news to the patriotic men and women who for four long years have kept the faith in spite of having to endure the greatest hardships in mountain and forest hideouts and being hunted day and night by armed enemy agents.

Underground newspapers, often primitive in appearance and produced under unbelievably difficult conditions, some printed on small hand presses, others mimeographed, have served the patriots as a unifying medium in all parts of the country and an inspiration to continued activity for the liberation of their beloved native land. This is patriotism of the highest order.

EXECUTIONS OF PATRIOTS HAVE continued during the last quarter with the usual regularity. During the month of May a total of thirty men were executed after being found guilty by a German court of charges of having participated in "activities for the benefit of an enemy power." The sentences were confirmed by the so-called "police department" and the appeal of the victims for a reduction of sentence or pardon was denied by the arch-traitor, the so-called "minister-president" Vidkun Quisling. The victims were from various parts of the country.

Moreover, seven additional death sentences were pronounced during May, but whether these have been carried out is at the time of this writing not yet known. The total number of executions admitted by the German enemy in Norway is at this writing 257. The number of civilian patriots killed by the Germans since the invasion is known to be much greater. Definite figures are not available, because the Germans have done away with many victims secretly.

A NATIONAL CRISIS RESULTED from the German order for the labor mobilization of all Norwegian youth of the classes of

1921, '22 and '23. With good reason it was suspected that the so-called "labor mobilization" was a blind for military service in Germany. The underground forces unanimously declared a boycott against the mobilization.

The boycott was generally effective throughout the country. It was accompanied by numerous acts of sabotage in Oslo and many other places. Reports from Oslo to the Norwegian Government in Exile in London in the beginning of June indicated that the patriots had won the first round in the nation-wide campaign against the pretended labor mobilization.

Registration offices had been established all over the country, except in the three northernmost provinces, Nordland, Troms, and Finnmark, which temporarily had been declared exempt owing to a shortage of manpower in that far northern region. The Germans were feverishly occupied with the strengthening of coastal fortifications in the far North and no men could be spared for other service.

On the first day of registration in Oslo, according to reports received in London, only seven young men registered out of several thousands subject to the draft. The country-wide effectiveness of the boycott was indicated by reports from the underground leaders pouring into Oslo that youths in the rest of the country were following the example set by the young men of the nation's capital. On the third registration day a total of 28 men had registered in Oslo.

Many registration offices in Oslo and other cities and in rural districts were blown up with bombs or set on fire. In many places the registration books were carried away by patriots and destroyed or so mutilated that they were useless. There were no copies or other means of getting duplicate lists of names of those notified to report.

The patriotic opposition assumed the

proportions of a general strike. Dire threats were issued by the Nazis with the result that Norway's patriotic youth, both young men and young women, were forced to take to cover in the forests and mountains as well as in friendly rural regions where farmers gave them protection as far as possible. They are hunted by the German police and their families and other relatives threatened with severe punishment. Their ration cards have been taken away from them and other privileges will be cancelled unless they join the German enemy in running down the fugitives. Such is total war within an enemy-occupied country.

In commenting on the situation in Norway, the Stockholm newspaper, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, wrote early in June that the labor mobilization order must be seen in connection with the Allied invasion of Europe and that the Norwegian home front forces refuse to extend direct assistance to the enemy. "Norwegians regard themselves today," continued the editorial, "as soldiers in the ranks of the Allies and will fight for their liberty rather than receive it as a gift."

IN THE LATTER PART OF JULY the underground leadership, following a series of earlier orders, issued a sternly worded ultimatum to Quisling sheriffs throughout the country to refrain from assisting the German police in efforts to apprehend the thousands of young men fleeing from conscription. These officials, who are vested with police powers and receive their positions by appointment, were bluntly told that those who disregard this home front ultimatum "must be prepared to meet the same fate as that of Police Inspector Lindvig and 'Sheriff' Horgen."

The allusion to the fate of the two officials could not possibly be misunderstood. Police Inspector Lindvig had recently been shot to death by unknown assailants. Horgen and his wife were

killed when a bomb exploded in their home. Both Lindvig and Horgen were notorious Nazi collaborators.

In no uncertain terms the home front leaders warned the sheriffs that the ultimatum "is not to be regarded as a mere suggestion, but as a definite command coming from the highest authority in time of war." The implication was plain that, Germans or no Germans, it was the embattled home front leadership that from now on was giving orders and that these orders must be obeyed. No excuses would be tolerated.

NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT SOURCES in London reported in the latter part of July that about 7,000 Norwegian men and women had been deported to Germany where they were being held in captivity. There are five main categories of prisoners. These were listed as follows:

About 1,500 are prisoners of war, almost all being officers arrested in Norway in 1943. They are interned in camps, chiefly in Posen. Approximately 3,000 are political prisoners, including about 100 women. These victims are interned in various concentration camps, the greatest number being held in the notorious Oranienburg camp near Berlin.

Another 700 political prisoners are held in German prisons after being convicted by German military and police courts in Norway. A majority of these are in Fuhsbottel prison near Hamburg. About 700 Norwegians of Jewish origin, deported in November 1942 and February 1943, are held in camps in Oberschlesien and Poland. About 700 university students, deported in December 1943, are interned in Thuringia and Alsace-Lorraine.

As regards the prisoners of war, it is explained that the interned Norwegian officers were deported last year on the pretext that they had broken their promise not to participate in underground activities. It is known, however, that no

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Norwegian officer ever made such a promise, regarding it as tantamount to committing treason.

The number of Norwegian political prisoners in Germany is only a fraction of the thousands held by the Germans in concentration camps in various parts of Norway. The Norwegian prisoners in Germany are practically of no labor value. The officer-prisoners are not obliged to work and the political prisoners are too dangerous to be allowed to mingle with workers outside the prison camps. Apart from a few deluded Nazi sympathizers working as volunteers, there is no known Norwegian labor force in Germany.

NORWEGIAN MERCHANT SHIPS have participated in the invasion of Normandy on and since D-Day. Every tenth ship participating in the invasion flew the Norwegian flag. In that connection, First Lord of the British Admiralty, A. V. Alexander, sent the following message to King Haakon: "In this country we shall never forget what Norwegian seamen and Norwegian ships have accomplished during this war. We shall never forget."

Since D-Day the Royal Norwegian Air Force has shot down fifteen German planes, damaged one and scored one probable. Losses have been few. It is regrettable, however, that thirty-four members of the crew of the Norwegian destroyer *Svenner* were lost when that ship was sunk by an enemy torpedo on the early morning of D-Day.

On July 22 the Royal Norwegian Navy announced that it had taken over a new corvette of the Castle class, one of the largest and most modern types. It has been christened *Tunsberg Castle*.

CROWN PRINCE OLAV has been named Commander-in-Chief of all Norwegian armed forces, according to official reports from London. The appointment became effective as of July 1 and will remain in force until further notice, though not

longer than until the first ordinary cabinet council can be held in Oslo.

As Commander-in-Chief, Crown Prince Olav, who marked his forty-first birthday on July 2, has thereby succeeded General Wilhelm Hansteen, who now has become next in command to the Crown Prince. The Cabinet made the appointment by royal resolution dated June 30.

Crown Prince Olav is a full general in the regular Norwegian Army and is in command of the Army and Navy air force. He was graduated from the Norwegian Military Academy in Oslo and has step by step risen in rank until he became a full general in 1938. The Norwegian armed forces on land, on sea, and in the air are stationed in the British Isles. The Army has been reorganized, re-equipped, and fully trained in modern warfare since 1940.

The Norwegian Navy is now the largest of the small nations' sea forces engaged in the war on the side of the Allies.

GERMAN TROOP EVACUATION from Norway has proceeded steadily since the start of the crushing German defeats on Russia's western front. All civilian traffic on Norway's main railway lines have been halted to give German troop trains a clear right of way. Underground reports to the Norwegian Government in London indicate that several German divisions have been sent by rail to Oslo, where the troops and equipment were transferred to transports bound for Germany.

The large-scale evacuation has resulted in a considerable weakening of the occupation forces in Norway. It is believed, however, that some of the troops withdrawn from northern Norway will be replaced by forces transferred from Finland. There is much speculation as to whether forces of the Red Army, fighting in Finland, would cross the Finnish border into Norway in a drive to take the Germans in the far North prisoners. Norwegian authorities say there is no

objection to the crossing of the border by the Russian forces for the purpose of driving the Germans out of northern Norway, since international regulations prescribe the conditions in such cases, and since Norway and the Soviet Union are allies in the war against the Germans.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Norwegian Seamen's House Opened

A magnificent new hostelry for Norwegian seamen recently opened in Brooklyn will remain as a permanent monument to the contribution of the seamen in the war and the gratitude of the Norwegian people for what they have done. The house is a thirteen-story structure at 62 Hanson Place, which has been acquired by the Norwegian Government. It is the last word in comfort, with tastefully furnished single and double rooms, private baths, reading and recreation rooms, and restaurant. Many private individuals have contributed to the decoration. Norwegian American women have furnished many of the rooms.

The house was formally opened by Crown Princess Märtha July 19 in the presence of a large gathering. In her speech she emphasized the share Norwegian sailors and ships had taken in the invasion on D-Day. The Honorable John Cashmore, Borough President of Brooklyn, paid a tribute to Norwegian sailors and welcomed the house as a Brooklyn institution. Speeches were made also by Ambassador Morgenstjerne and Consul-General Rolf Christensen.

Sweden Day in Minneapolis

The Swedish Midsummer festival is getting to be a great annual occasion. This year 30,000 people attended the gathering in Minnehaha Park. Miss Mary Anderson, who up to now has been head of the Women's Bureau of the Depart-

ment of Labor in Washington, was one of the principal speakers. She quoted Fredrika Bremer who had prophesied in her letters from America that Minnesota would become a new Scandinavia. The present, she said, was no time for Swedish Americans to put their light under a bushel.

The Swedish Historical Society

The annual meeting of the American Swedish Historical Foundation was held in the Museum at Philadelphia, June 3. Six states were represented at the meeting, and the officers elected are from different parts of the Union. Dr. Julius Lincoln, of Chicago, was elected president; William L. Batt, Henry Ericsson, Colonel Samuel P. Wetherill, Mrs. Harry A. Olsson, and Ormond Rambo, Jr., vice-presidents; Professor Axel J. Uppvall, secretary; Professor Adolph B. Benson, corresponding secretary; Ormond Rambo, Jr., treasurer; Maurice A. Hogeland, assistant treasurer.

After the meeting those present were entertained at luncheon by the Women's Committee of the Museum, and an informal reception was given in honor of Colonel Emil Tyden in the Pioneers' Room, which is his gift.

The annual Spring Fête of the Museum was held May 13 and was attended by seven hundred people. It included a Swedish film, folk dances, and a historical fashion show.

On July 10 an exhibition of water colors by Thornton Oakley was opened. Mr. Oakley has made two extensive trips for the *National Geographic Magazine* in order to paint American industries and transportation geared to war, and it is twenty-two of these water colors that are being shown.

Monument to Waldemar Ager

The late Waldemar Ager was for many years editor of the temperance organ *Reform* in Eau Claire, and was a gifted writer and speaker. Everything that came

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from his pen had the flavor of an original and lovable personality, but like many editors in immigrant groups, he was tied to a treadmill that prevented him from attaining what he might have done under easier circumstances. Some of his short stories, however, were gems. He had a keen eye for the spiritual loss suffered by immigrants when the fine root filaments that bound them to their native land were severed. The only one of his novels to be translated into English, *I Sit Alone*, describes an extreme type of such a lacerated soul. On the other hand, he admired and loved the first generation of simple, hard-working pioneers.

Friends and admirers of Ager have raised a monument to him in his home town, Eau Claire, which was unveiled July 30. United States Senator Alexander Wiley was the main speaker on the occasion.

Swedish American Journalists Meet

The Swedish American Journalists' Association celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a lunch in the Svitiod Club in Chicago on August 5. There were old-timers present who had been members since the beginning and revived old memories of struggles and successes.

The oldest member of the association, Charles K. Johansen, editor of *Nordstjernan* in New York, had died a few days earlier, at the age of seventy-eight. A resolution was passed paying homage to

him as a friend and as a highly respected member of the profession.

The officers of the association are: president, E. Einar Andersson; vice-president, J. O. Backlund; secretary, C. Geo. Ericson; treasurer, Erik Thulin.

Among the Colleges and Universities

On the occasion of King Gustav's eighty-sixth birthday, June 16, Upsala College in New Jersey received a donation of \$7,500 from Colonel and Mrs. John M. Morehead of Rye, N.Y. The gift is a contribution to the King Gustav V Professorship in Swedish. According to a statement by Dr. Evald B. Lawson, president of the college, the fund has now grown to \$80,000. The total amount wanted is \$100,000.

Grand View College in Des Moines, belonging to the Danish Church, is preparing to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1946, and is trying to raise an endowment fund of \$100,000 for the occasion. Grand View College maintains in some respects the traditions from the Danish folk high schools. Its president is Dr. Johannes Knudsen.

Skulda Baner, author of *Latchstring Out*, which was reviewed in our Summer Number, has been granted a fellowship by the University of Minnesota to write a biography of her father, Johan Runeskold Baner, a Swedish immigrant who became a noted editor and poet. *Latchstring Out* was an account of Miss Baner's childhood home in a Swedish American community.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Trustees: Henry Goddard Leach, President and Secretary; James Creese, William Hovgaard, G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Georg Unger Vetlesen, Vice Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; Conrad Bergendoff, Robert Woods Bliss, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, Harold S. Deming, Lincoln Ellsworth, John A. Gade, Halldor Hermannsson, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, Nils R. Johansen, Sonnin Krebs, William Witherle Lawrence, John M. Morehead, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, Harold C. Urey, Thomas J. Watson, Harald M. Westergaard. **Cooperating Bodies:** Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; Chancellor Undén, Kommerserådet Enström, and Professor Svedberg, Vice Presidents; Adèle Heilborn, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Frederiksholms Kanal 20, Copenhagen K; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Rådhusgaten 23 B, Oslo, C. J. Hambro, President; Arne Kildal, Secretary; Iceland—Islensk-Ameriska Félagid, Reykjavik, Sigurdur Nordal, President; Ragnar Olafsson, Secretary. **Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Trustees

Dr. William W. Lawrence, Professor Emeritus of English in Columbia University, now resident of Maine, continues active correspondence with the Foundation as Chairman of the Committee on Publications. Among recent articles by Dr. Lawrence are contributions to *Modern Language Review* and *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, one of them a Hamlet study. Dr. Lawrence is a trustee of his alma mater, Bowdoin College, alma mater of America's best translator of Scandinavian poetry, the poet Longfellow. Bowdoin is said to have a higher percentage of graduates who have achieved fame than any other American college.

Dr. John Motley Morehead, former American Minister to Sweden, gave a commencement address on June 5 at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on the expiration of his term as president of the Alumni Association. June 10 he received from Upsala College, East Orange, New Jersey, the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. Dr. Morehead is one of America's leading chemists.

Staff

Mr. Leach has broadcasted short-wave

several times for the Office of War Information to Denmark, Iceland, and Sweden. He has broadcasted three times on Norway for the Royal Norwegian Information Services on the following subjects: "Relief for Norway," "Those Norwegian Students," and "Pioneer Norway" (welfare legislation). He has made two addresses for the National War Fund on "American Relief for Norway." On June 17, when the second Republic of Iceland was inaugurated, he sent the following message: "Rugged intelligence is a good defense for freedom. The Republic of Iceland in the Middle Ages for more than three hundred years governed herself by a court of law. Iceland was in world history the only independent nation administered by law without an executive or a legislature, without an army or a navy. Iceland, the indomitable 'Hermit of the Atlantic,' remains today a splendid example of the free Scandinavian States."

Miss Larsen has acted as consultant for Norway and Denmark in the preparation of the Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature, whose general editor is Professor Horatio Smith of Columbia University, and has written the surveys of Danish and Norwegian litera-

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ture, besides many of the individual biographies.

In *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century, Second Series*, members of the staff have done the translations. Mr. Watkins has translated Nordahl Grieg's *The Defeat*, Miss Larsen Kaj Munk's *Niels Ebbesen* and Kjeld Abell's *Anna Sophie Hedvig*.

Fellows and Junior Scholars

Mr. Ewert Åberg, Fellow from Sweden, is working on a research project at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Experiment Station at Aberdeen, Idaho.

Mr. Benjamin Eiriksson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, has been awarded a Fellowship at Harvard University for two terms beginning in November, 1944.

Mr. Sturla Fridriksson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, received a B.A. degree from Cornell University on June 24. His major subject was Botany.

Mr. Johannes Troelsen, Honorary Fellow from Denmark, has been appointed by Yale University Assistant in Research in Paleontology in the Peabody Museum, for the academic year 1944-45.

Former Fellows

Former Fellows of the Foundation are collecting a Former Fellows Fund, income from which is to be awarded for stipends for students. The Fund has now passed five thousand dollars.

A majority of former Fellows are Associates of the Foundation or subscribers to the REVIEW.

The Foundation maintains files of the careers of former Fellows and assists them in obtaining promotions. We have recently received reports from nearly one hundred former Fellows resident in Sweden.

Mr. Sven Blomquist, Fellow from Sweden 1930-31, was Press Commissioner for the American Architectural Exhibition recently shown in Stockholm.

Anders Tengbom, Fellow from Sweden 1934-35, was expert consultant of the

American Architectural Exhibition in Stockholm.

Mr. Paco Lagerström, Honorary Fellow from Sweden 1939-40, has taken a position with Bell Aircraft Corporation in Niagara Falls, New York.

Mr. Sigurdur Magnusson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, 1942-44, who has been studying Pharmacy in this country, has returned to Iceland.

Miss Älvan Övden, Honorary Fellow from Sweden 1940-41, has taken a position with the Office of War Information in New York as Associate Composition Editor of the Overseas Publications Bureau.

American Society of Denmark

Mr. Viggo Carstensen, Solicitor to the Supreme Court of Denmark, Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in Admiralty Law 1926-27, former Secretary of Danmarks Amerikanske Sel-skab, has been elected President of our sister organization in Denmark to succeed the late Ernst Michelsen, who died March 26, 1943. The directors include leaders in the educational life of Denmark and two Americans: Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen and Captain William John Rague, Jr. The Society plans to resume the interchange of Fellows with the Foundation after the war.

Sweden-America Foundation

The American Architectural Exhibition "America Builds," celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen (June 2) opened in the National Museum in Stockholm on June 14 in the presence of the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, Prince Eugen, the Minister of Church and Culture, the Universities Chancellor Östen Unden, the Ministers of the United States and Great Britain, Museum Director Erik Wettergren, President J. Sigfrid Edström, the Executive Secretary of the Foundation, Mrs. Adèle Heilborn, many other officials, and fourteen hundred guests. There were

addresses by the American Minister, Mr. Herschel V. Johnson, and by Director Edström, and broadcasts from America by representative architects and former Fellows of the Foundation. The Exhibition included hundreds of photographs and books, assembled largely at the Museum of Modern Art in New York under direction of the Office of War Information. Stockholm was festive with attractive colored posters. Art critics in the Swedish Press were unanimous in praise and declared that Swedish architecture had much to learn from contemporary plans in America.

The Foundation has published an Annual Report for 1943, and a pamphlet of lectures available on American subjects, and is preparing a Guide for foreign students in Sweden. The Foundation plans to renew its University Fellowships after the war. It awaits active help from the Swedish Institute now being founded and is also organizing new Industrial Exchange Fellowships with America. On its initiative correspondence courses are arranged for American airmen interned in Sweden.

Publications

Following in line with the anthologies of poetry and fiction previously published, the Foundation this year issues two volumes containing recent plays by different authors. *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century. First Series* is now ready. It includes works by one Finnish author writing in Swedish, and three Swedes. *The Gallows Man: a Midwinter Story*, by Runar Schildt, is a powerful tragedy staged in the wintry isolation of Finland in 1840. *Mr. Sleeman Is Coming* by Hjalmar Bergman conceals under a delicate fairy tale atmosphere a subdued terror mood. *The Man Without a Soul*, by Pär Lagerkvist, depicts a man who has committed a political murder, but who finds his soul when he enters into a human relationship with the woman who had loved the murdered man. It is

an example of Lagerkvist's vindication of human goodness against the brutality of modern political theorists. Finally, *Perhaps a Poet*, by Ragnar Josephson, is a tragicomedy about an ordinary coat room attendant in a restaurant who imagines himself in various heroic rôles. With Gösta Ekman in the leading part, the play had a great vogue on the Swedish stage.

Professor Alrik Gustafson, author of *Six Scandinavian Novelists* published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has furnished the book with an Introduction which is not only an analysis of the plays included, but an essay covering the entire field of recent drama in Sweden.

Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century. First Series can be had from the American-Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East 64th Street, New York. Price \$2.00.

Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century. Second Series contains four representative plays from the contemporary drama of Denmark and Norway: *The Defeat: A Play about the Paris Commune*, by Nordahl Grieg; *The Sounding Shell*, by Helge Krog; *Niels Ebbesen*, by Kaj Munk; and *Anna Sophie Hedvig*, by Kjeld Abell. This volume is now going to press and will soon be ready. The price will be \$3.00.

Gifts to the Library

Through the office of Mrs. Adèle Heilborn, secretary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, the William Henry Schofield Library of the American-Scandinavian Foundation has acquired a set of *Svenska Turistföreningens Årsskrift* 1925-44, two editions of *Svenska Dagbladets Årsbok*, and other useful reference books.

Augustana Chapter

As has become traditional, the annual dinner meeting of the Augustana Chapter was held as the concluding event of Commencement Day at Augustana College,

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Rock Island, Illinois. This dinner celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Chapter. One hundred and five members and friends sat at tables gay with spring flowers and tiny Swedish and American flags arranged in a huge letter A in the Parish House of St. John's Lutheran Church.

After the invocation by the Rev. C. George Engdahl, the President of the Chapter, Dr. C. G. Carlfelt reviewed the ten years of the Chapter's history, and there was a brief address by one of the founders, Dean Arthur Wald. Out of town guests included Dr. L. M. Stavig, President of Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and two former Fellows of the Foundation; Mr. Hugo C. Larson, American Fellow to Sweden 1922-23, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and Rev. William Richards, American Fellow to Denmark, 1916-18.

Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, newly elected Trustee of the Foundation, made the chief address. The Foundation, he said, stood for spiritual relations between nations more important even than trade and more constructive than war. "Our nation needs such a faith as this Foundation can give it."

California Chapter

The quarterly meeting of the Chapter was held in the Hotel Claremont, San Francisco, in the evening of July 7. The president, Professor T. H. Goodspeed, presided. Professor Arthur G. Brodeur, whose connection with the Foundation began in 1916 with the publication of his translation of *The Prose Edda*, and who has ever since been active in the cause, was presented by Consul General C. E. Wallerstedt with the Order of Vasa First Class in recognition of his contribution to the cultural relations between Sweden and the United States.

Professor Brodeur, after expressing his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, outlined the steps that had been

taken to establish a chair of Scandinavian Languages and Literature at the University of California. The movement was started by a group of students as far back as in 1915, but did not then win support. Later the California Chapter of the American-Scandinavian Foundation took the matter up, but the depression in the Thirties came in the way. More recently, however, the University's Committee on Educational Policy reported to the President that a chair in Scandinavian Languages and Literature should be established. A chair of this type would need an endowment of \$150,000. The meeting authorized the Executive Committee of the Chapter to explore the feasibility of the project and to take the necessary steps toward its realization.

Mr. Johann S. Hanneson, a graduate student at the University, spoke on the new Republic of Iceland.

Chicago Chapter

On June 14 the Chicago Chapter entertained at dinner at the Chicago College Club in honor of Dr. Ethel John Lindgren of London, who spoke on "The Lapps and Their Fellow Citizens of Northern Scandinavia." Dr. Lindgren became a Life Associate of the Foundation in 1929. She is an anthropologist who has spent much time in Mongolia and Lapland. At present she is a liaison officer with the Royal Institute of International Affairs, working with the governments-in-exile in London.

At the short annual business meeting which preceded Dr. Lindgren's address, the following new directors were added to the present board: Mr. J. Christian Bay, Dr. Anton Carlson, and Dr. Ludwig Hektoen.

New York Chapter

The annual business meeting of the New York Chapter was held, according to statute, the first Monday of June, in the Schofield Memorial Library of the

Foundation in New York City. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Ray Morris; vice-presidents, Mr. Sven Holst Knudsen, Mr. Holger Lundbergh, and Mr. Rolf T. Michelsen; secretary, Mr. Viggo F. E. Rambusch; treasurer, Miss Elin Lindberg; assistant treasurer, Mr. James Creese; historian, Baroness Alma Dahlerup. The Chairman of the Social Committee will be appointed by the president.

The members paid tribute to the retiring president, Mr. Herman Asche, and praised him for his wise, gracious, and generous leadership of the Chapter during three war years. The new president is an international banker of non-Scandinavian descent, a member of the house of Brown Brothers Harriman and Company, a trustee of Vassar College, and a lifelong friend of the Foundation, of Scandinavians, and Foundation Fellows. He is reported to have made an address in Norway in good Norwegian.

The Chapter historian and honorary president, Baroness Alma Dahlerup, presented the first installment of her history of the New York Chapter, its entertainments and activities, beginning with the inception of the Chapter on the dissolution of the American-Scandinavian Society, February 19, 1919.

Members present discussed the future program of the Chapter and the relations of the Chapter and the Foundation. Recently Chapter sums amounting to more than one thousand dollars, representing in large part the surplus from entertainments for the benefit of scholarships, arranged by former Social Committees under the chairmanship of Mrs. Rasmus M. Michelsen and Miss Else S. De Brun, were added to the Former Fellows Fund.



The Vatnsdalers' Saga. Translated by Gwyn Jones. The Princeton University Press for The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1944. Price \$2.00.

The *Vatnsdalers' Saga* is characteristically a "family saga," one of the most interesting types of vernacular prose narrative developed during the Middle Ages. It covers an unusually long period—from the time of Harald the Fairhaired to the introduction of Christianity in Iceland—carrying the history of one family of chieftains through four generations. It is not the family saga at its best, for it is post-classical (late thirteenth century) both in its prose style, which shows the innovations of the foreign courtly literature, and in its tone, which is clearly influenced by a clerical author.

The structure is loose, held together by the unity of "the family" rather than by the construction of an artist. The narrative begins with a romantic episode of a noble robber who, though he has his slayer in his power, spares him that he, with the robber's own sister, may beget distinguished sons and keep the name alive. Next follows a series of idealized viking raids that come to a climax with the battle of Hafrsfjord and King Harald's attainment of the throne of Norway. All this smacks of the *fornaldar sögur*, and certainly has little of history in it. It is an aftermath—and not very impressive.

With Ingimund's emigration to Iceland and his assumption of the leadership of Vatnsdal, the real interest of the story begins; here the account rests on genuine tradition, and, though tempered in the late composition, gives a richness of old customs, old beliefs, and old ideals. Excellent is the emphasis on the family luck, the *hamingja*, that carries the chieftains through many parlous adventures. So also is the stress on fate, *forlög*, that at times seems to dominate all. We see a good deal of old customs and superstitions—of blood-brotherhood, of the earth-necklace, of holmgang, of the nith-pole, of charms and of witchcraft. And always above the details loom the great figures of Ingimund, Thorstein, Jokul, and Thorkel Krafla, born leaders dominating the neighborhood and preserving law and order as well as could be done in a restless age when individuals rebelled against restraint and all men were quick on the draw, an age when life was cheap.

Mr. Jones has given us an excellent translation with an adequate introduction and help-

(Continued on page 283)



(Continued from page 280)

ful notes. The general reader may wish that an outline map and a genealogical table had been added for reference. Mr. Jones follows the trend to translate into modern colloquial prose, not the archaic language of the days of Morris. In fact, he at times goes beyond the colloquial into what borders on slang. Here he possibly is at fault; the saga was colloquial but at the same time stylized, not slangy. At times the love of a racy idiom has led to inaccuracy of translation. But taken all in all, we have a worthy translation of a worthy tale.

HENNING LARSEN

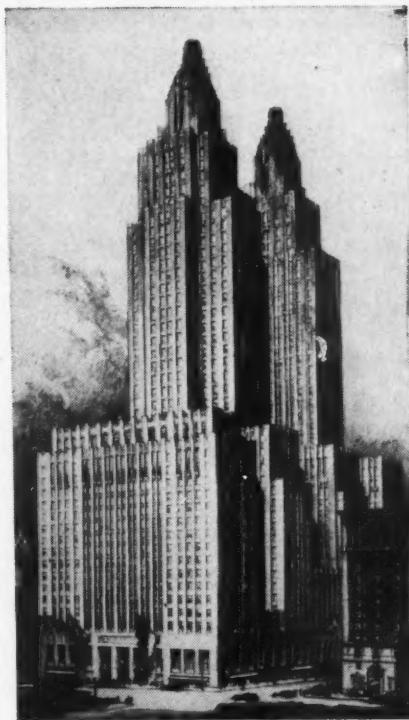
Henning Larsen is professor of English and Scandinavian at Illinois University.

Germany: The Last Phase. By Gunnar Th:son Pihl. Translated from the Swedish by G. Howard Smith. Knopf. 1944. \$3.00.

The picture of Germany painted by Gunnar Pihl, correspondent in Berlin of *Sydsvenska Dagbladet*, amply justifies the secondary title of his book: The Last Phase. It is a picture of disintegration, moral, physical, social, and of course intellectual. The author evidently has no faith in the idealism—albeit perverted—which we have been told inspires the German people. He even discounts their enthusiasm for their Führer. The mass of Germans, as he sees them, are tired little men with a longing for bourgeois comforts. They did not really care for the glory of the Fatherland and were not moved by the popular slogans under Hitler any more than under the Kaiser. What they had hoped Hitler would bring them was better material conditions, more and better food, more and better drinks.

Instead they got nothing but incessant demands for new sacrifices. They became apathetic from lack of food, lack of liquor, lack of leisure and amusement. "Voluntary" collections of warm clothing were taken up for the soldiers in Russia; everything was taken, even the most needed. They were constantly told of the things they could do without. No one required more than one suit of clothes or one pair of shoes. Everything was lacking, from toilet paper to umbrellas, from coffee to potatoes.

The story begins on New Year's Eve, 1941, when discouragement was already settling over the people. With devastating sarcasm the author tells how Ribbentrop and his cohorts in the Reich press bureau were explaining that Russia was really conquered. The Russian bear had been shot. True, he was still "scratching a little with his claws, but that meant nothing." When the third winter came of fighting in Russia, soldiers began to desert in large numbers, so they had to be shipped off like prisoners. The cold, the bloody expanse of snow, those crazy Russians who did not know they were beaten, got under the German skin. The author, as a Northerner, began to realize that one has to be acquainted with cold in order to know how to deal with it. He smiled at the idea that supplying the German soldiers with skis would make them skiers,



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and he relates a story which—true or not—went the rounds, that forty or fifty men in one regiment had lost their ears from removing their steel helmets when the ears were frozen fast to them.

The key chapter of the book is that on Stalingrad, which is entitled "Monument of Despair." Hitler had declared in one of his "historic utterances" that Stalingrad would fall. He had staked his honor on it, and 300,000 killed and seriously wounded were sacrificed to save his face. But this was the beginning of the end of his power over the people. The defeat at Stalingrad coincided with the tenth anniversary of the Nazi party, and in fact the news had to be held back a few days in order not to interfere with the celebration. But actually the state of the public mind was such that Hitler was not allowed to speak. Nor did he address his people for many months to come. The fact that Hitler did not venture to appear on the supposedly festive day, that he did not have a word to say in homage to the 300,000 fallen or in sympathy for the mourners, in the opinion of the author, opened an abyss between Hitler and his people. From that day on, he thinks, Nazism was dead as a faith, though it remained as a system.

In his final chapter he asks, "What Will Happen Now?" and answers himself that the German home front will collapse, because there is a limit to what human beings can endure. But how that collapse will come about he does not venture to foretell. In the light of recent events in Germany, his diagnosis of the situation gains added significance.

Gunnar Pihl knows Germany from years of study there—misspent years he calls them—as well as from years in the service of his newspaper. He has also worked in Russia. His book is perhaps the most vivid picture that has yet been painted of life in Germany during the war.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

The House with the Green Tree. By Kelvin Lindemann. Translated by Henry Alexander. L. B. Fischer. 1944. Price \$2.75.

Kelvin Lindemann, one of the cleverest of the younger writers in Denmark, received a prize for his novel, *The House with the Green Tree*, no doubt as much for its subject matter as for its literary quality. It is a family chronicle of a merchant house in Copenhagen. But the head of the house, Christopher Isert, is more than a prudent merchant and a benevolent patriarch. He is a man with a vision, filled with burning zeal to have Denmark develop her colonies, as the British and Dutch are doing. For in the latter half of the eighteenth century Denmark still had colonies, in the West Indies, in Africa, in India, and in the Pacific islands.

One after another, the young men of the family are pushed out into adventurous expeditions. First there is Christopher's son Faith, brave and generous, but reluctant to leave his lovely wife, Thomasine, the most

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SVEND JORGENSEN

vital feminine character in the book. She, however, is imbued with the same zeal as her father-in-law, and between them they urge Faith to go. He is to break the Dutch monopoly in the spice trade. It is a fierce competition. The Dutch send out every year to destroy all self-sown trees, and threaten to kill any native who sells a tree to a competitor.

Faith is killed by a Malay. But twenty years later his son Ditlev, in one of the Danish Nicobar Islands, suddenly comes upon a large, beautiful nutmeg tree. As he stands transfixed by the sight, it suddenly dawns upon him that this is the tree his father planted. It seems like a message from the gay and brave young father whom he can't remember. But Ditlev too dies, a victim of the climate.

Next it is the turn of Waldemar, Ditlev's younger brother, but Waldemar is a medical man, not interested in trade and colonies. He yields to the pressure from his mother and grandfather only after a disappointment in love. He becomes a doctor on a slave ship commanded by his adopted brother Ole—for the slave trade at that time was a matter of course, even to such a decent house as that of the Iserts.

Waldemar, however, has absorbed the ideas of Rousseau on the value of every human life, and what he sees makes him resolve to start a fight for world-wide abolition of the slave trade. Lindemann does not carry the story farther than to the departure of Waldemar for the second time, carrying tools and seeds, artisans and gardeners, to start a colony in Danish Africa and enlist the help of the natives for their own good, instead of enslaving them. But history tells us, and it is well worth commemorating that Denmark became the first European country to forbid the slave trade. A royal decree issued May 16, 1792, declared that the traffic should cease in Danish possessions at the end of 1802.

The House with the Green Tree seems in some ways more akin to English and American novels of adventure than to the more quiet scenes we are accustomed to find in Danish literature, but perhaps for that very reason, or perhaps because it pictures a time of national expansion, it has become popular in Denmark. As a background to the adventures on the sea and in tropical countries, we have the quiet house on the Old Square with sometimes a glimpse of rococo society in Copenhagen. Professor Alexander's smooth and easy translation adds to the pleasure of reading the book.

H.A.L.





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